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Sunday, March 15, 1936



American Beauties A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive - No. 6 - "Pride of the Prairie"

A Sculptor Of Creatures On The Moon



This Squid-Like Monstrosity Is Imagined by the Sculptor as One of the Moon Dwellers.

LEOPOLD CHAUVEAU has as strange a hobby as a professional man ever took up as a form of relaxation from his vocation—he molds in clay, and casts in bronze, his notion of the inhabitants of the moon, if any.

In the Fall and Winter M. Chauveau is one of the ablest, and busiest, surgeons in the French capital. He has hundreds of patients who pay well for his services to them as a doctor of medicine and he stands high with his colleagues.

In the Summer he closes his office and is off to a small island in the Mediterranean where, free

from the pleasures and distractions of human companionship, he isolates himself in a little cabin and ponders what sort of creatures might inhabit the moon.

Dr. Chauveau is not the sort of person who ponders and does nothing about it. When his fertile imagination visualizes a moon dweller, the amateur sculptor goes to work on a lump of clay and makes a miniature reproduction of the bizarre vision in his mind. The pictures on this page show only a few of the scores of "moon people"

This Creature Carved Into a Semblance of What Earth's Inhabitants Know as an Ape-Man, Is One of the Forbidding Animals Visualized by the Artist.

that M. Chauveau has modeled during the past year or two.

Like most Frenchmen, the surgeon-sculptor is a thrifty fellow and he sees no good reason why his artistic endeavors should not pay him a profit. Once he has completed a clay figure, he makes a mold of it in sand and makes many bronze casts of the queer object d'art. These copies to the surprise of many European sculptors—find



Apparently the Moon Doesn't Strike the Sculptor as a Happy Locale for a Hearty Contest.

a ready sale in Parisian art shops. It has been estimated that the surgeon makes as much money from his hobby

The Birds on the Moon, If Any, Would Have to Exceed in Bad Looks to Measure up to Dr. Chauveau's Conception as Represented by This Carving.

as he makes from his profession and it is rumored that he may soon give up the medical profession and devote all his time to fabricating the distorted beings that he sees in his mind when he is alone in his island cabin.

Bober men of science are not at all impressed by the output of the doctor's studio. In the first place, few of them believe that the moon is habitable and they scoff at the notion that any one on earth could conceive anything like a moon dweller.

But more than a few artists of eminence have paid tribute to the amateur sculptor. He has, they say, a vivid imagination and a curious sort of skill in making accurate reproductions of his weird day dreams.

Not long ago, at an exhibition of his works in a Paris gallery, the doctor revealed how he picked up his unusual hobby. "For years," he said, "I read fantastic stories—the sort of yarns

that Jules Verne and Flammarion wrote. These books, and especially novels and shorter stories about the moon, conjured up all sort of visions in my mind. I saw creatures, the like of which couldn't live on earth, as plainly as though they were in the room with me—and I had the urge to capture these visions. At first I tried to mold the moon dwellers in my Paris home, but I found I needed some quiet spot where I could have absolute concentration."



This May Be a Lizard, or the Well-Known Man in the Moon. But More Likely It Is Merely the Fancy of the Artist.

Steady! It's a Good Trick if You Do It



The Leader of the Basque Dancing Troupe, Performing on a Tumbler of Wine. He seems to be All Dressed Up Like a Fancy Restaurant Table. The Folk Dancers Appeared Recently in Albert Hall, London.

ONCE a year the peasants—and sometimes a few of the upper classes—of a dozen or more European countries get together to pay honor to Terpsichore and their ancient national traditions. For a week or more these representatives of many nations go through the measures of their native folk dances and thousands of spectators pay good money to watch the spirited proceedings.

The other day a capacity crowd went through the turn of London's famous and opulent Albert Hall to see the goings-on at this year's international dance festival and the applause was loudest for the fellow shown in the photograph at the left.

In the first place his get-up was something to command attention, and it was no less-fancied outfit that the dancer himself built for the occasion. Since medieval times such dancing suits have been used in the Basque country on the coast of France and this led was the No. 1 man of the Basque contingent. His special part of the show was to go through the difficult movements of a solo dance at the climax of which the performer hops up on a glass of wine—French wine, of course—balances there precariously and skilfully on one toe and then jumps off the perch without spilling a drop of the wine or disturbing the tumbler.

The stunt would present difficulties enough if the dancer were in jacket and breeches and it's a trick that few people could think of attempting all decked out in a heavy skirt four feet long and a couple of feet wide. This contraption, built on a light framework and fashioned of yards and yards of the finest Basque handmailed lace, weighs about 20 pounds and bows up and down, like a hobby horse, as the dancer leaps and whirls about the stage.

As a matter of fact the creation is, in some strange way, supposed to represent a horse. This is apparent from the thin likeness of a horse's head and neck attached to the bow-end of the outfit.

The strangely dressed performer from the Basque country got through his number without mishap and wound up his contribution to the show by leaping dextrously on and off the wine glass.



These Two Unusually Friendly Occupants of a Barn in Northdown Thamel, England, Seemed a Little Disturbed When the Snapshott Was Taken on Market Day, Which May Explain the Calf's Nervousness.

66 Below, U.S. Cold Record

IN THE bleak wastes of Siberia the thermometer has been known to drop away down to 90 below zero—which is tops, or perhaps bottoms, for cold weather on this planet. Alaska gets frigid, too, and has reported temperatures as low as 78 degrees below. But there are spots right in the United States where the Weather Man has officially taken note of wintry weather that is, to the average citizen, almost unbelievable. The record is held by Yellowstone National Park where, in 1933, the mercury dived until it stuck at 66 below zero. The thermometer which registered this state of weather was at the ranger station in the village of Riverton.

It may be that somewhere in America, some time or other, the heat was turned off more than this. If so the Weather Bureau doesn't know it. Only two States of the Union have recorded temperatures of more than 60 below since Uncle Sam started keeping records of the climate. One of them is, of course, Wyoming, which includes most of Yellowstone Park, and the other is Montana.

More than a dozen States have

known what it feels like when the mercury descends to 50 below and every State has, at one time, or another, experienced sub-zero weather. It may seem difficult to imagine such States as Florida and Alabama getting a taste of the sort of weather that is expected along the Canadian border but Mother Nature is a whimsical old crone and she plays some queer pranks. In February, 1898, for example, the northern part of Florida was hit by a cold wave that brought 2-below temperature. That same year the good people of Alabama shivered and shook in a freak visitation of zero weather.

Tennessee never has forgotten the time that all the rules governing climate were turned topsy-turvy while the mercury dropped and kept dropping until it registered 80 below—82 degrees under freezing. Louisiana, "other south, can't tell any such true story as that but there are people in that Gulf State who remember the year when their teeth chattered in weather that was 18 below zero. The record, however, belongs to Yellowstone Park and other sections of the country hope it remains there.

Did Somebody Knock on the Door?

PHOTOGRAPHERS are always taking pictures of pussy cats, puppy dogs and other furred and feathered pets, and a great many of these "shots" are rather obviously posed. They lack naturalness. But the picture reproduced above, which was snapped on a farm in Northdown Thamel, England, is one of those happy accidents that picture men run into once in a blue moon.

The expression on the faces of the calf and dog was caught at the instant they heard the farmer open the barn door to get out his wagon to carry a load of beef and veal on the hoof to a nearby market. No one can say, with certainty, that the calf sensed that it might be scheduled for the slaughter house. But the farmer credits the animal with that much intelligence and the photograph seems to bear out his opinion.

From the time the calf was able to stand up,

he and the dog were pals. They romped about the barnyard together and, at night, sometimes slept in the same straw-filled stall. The pup, brighter by far than his bovine friend, understood the meaning of market day and registered his disapproval by barking a protest when certain of the animals were loaded into the wagon. Once when an old cow, a particular favorite of the dog, was taken off to the butcher's, the dog sat down in the middle of the road and howled mournfully. The cow moved back and the farmer's wife insists that the old friends were bidding each other a heartbroken farewell.

Perhaps there is more imagination than truth in that story, but it is a fact that, every market day, the calf and the dog managed to stay together and that both of them seemed to be listening nervously for the farmer's arrival at the barn to hitch up the horses and load the stock picked for slaughtering.

"Black Hand Girls" Intrigue Paris

THE audiences that fill the Folies Bergere Theatre, in Paris, night after night, don't have to give the dancers below "a great big hand"—the designer of their odd costumes saw to that.

The form-fitting white outfits of the young women are ornamented by a couple of tiny black hands a couple of feet long. The strange effect is accentuated by black gloves with the palms cut out. Just what the costumes are intended to symbolize, if anything, is something that the patrons at the Folies Bergere do not bother their heads to figure out.

The giant hands are made of chemically luminous paint. They show black-on-white during part of the sketch and then, the foot-lights are

turned off and rays of invisible light are thrown on the dancers. This light reveals only the big hands and the gloves, which become a phosphorescent green and seem to be suspended in the air.



The New Revue in the Folies Bergere Is Featuring a Set of Black Hand Girls Whose Weird Costumes Strike the Fancy of Patrons.

Mystery of the Burned Letters Rich Old Mr. Heckscher Wrote

Probably No One Now Will Ever Know Why the Aged Philanthropist Agreed to Pay Prima Donna Frieda Hempel \$15,000 a Year for Life to Get Them Back and Turn Them Into Ashes



Mrs. Hempel at the Beginning of Her Career.



Mr. August Heckscher, the Well Known Philanthropist.



Prima Donna Frieda Hempel is One of Her Grand Opera Roles at About the Time She Gave Up Her Career, She Says, to Sing to Mr. Heckscher Alone.

SIGNATURES have been sold for surprising prices, according to their rarity and the importance of those who wrote them. But what was the rarity of the signatures above his signature in the letters that rich old Mr. August Heckscher, New York philanthropist, wrote to prima donna Frieda Hempel that made it worth his while to agree to pay her \$15,000 a year for life to get them back?

It must have been for what was in the letters themselves and not for the signatures that Mr. Heckscher was willing to pay that price. He could write and admire his own signatures as often as he pleased. Besides he did not get them back to keep them, like other signature collectors. They were burned to ashes together with the letters and everything else that Frieda had also written to him.

And so it is probable that no one will ever know what it was that gave these documents their unique value, and future generations have still another literary mystery to puzzle over.

But side by side with this literary mystery there is a musical mystery as well. Thousands have paid many thousands of dollars to enjoy prima donna Hempel's voice. Yet Mr. Heckscher signed that \$15,000 a year contract not alone to get back his letters, but to keep the music of that widely admired and valuable voice from ever again going round and around in his head.

Mr. Heckscher admits that, on May 11, 1928, he signed a contract binding himself and his heirs to pay that \$15,000 every year for the rest of the songbird's life. He paid it for seven years. But now he has quit paying because it did not stop the music, and so Frieda is suing him to make him keep on paying, and that is the way the mystery of the burned letters was revealed.

After this there was silence. Reports that the suit had been settled out of

court were denied by both sides. The silence lasted for seven years to be broken recently by the prima donna's present suit which revealed that a new contract, this time written, had been signed a month after her request to interrogate the philanthropist.

It appears that there were really two agreements, one on the letters and one on what is called the trust agreement, providing for the yearly \$15,000. After they were signed, Mr. Heckscher's lawyer and Madame Hempel's lawyer, each in the other's presence, solemnly burned the letters, thus removing perhaps a fire menace but leaving posterity of romantic reading matter. In an affidavit, Attorney Irving L. Ernst, Mme. Hempel's lawyer tells of this literary sacrifice as follows:

"This agreement which is the contemporaneous agreement provides that in consideration of the agreement which is called the trust agreement, plaintiff (Mme. Hempel) and Heckscher hereby do surrender and deliver, each to the other, all writings, communications, letters, cablegrams, telegrams, radiograms from Heckscher to Hempel or from Hempel to Heckscher and each agrees as an inducing cause to the other for this compromise and settlement of existing differences, that neither has retained any such writings or copies thereof, nor are there any such writings or communications in existence to her or his knowledge."

"I together with one of Heckscher's lawyers personally took all writings, letters, cablegrams etc. and photostats thereof which were in my possession and had them destroyed by fire."

The original suit by the singer against the wealthy philanthropist, supposed to have been compromised by the life annuity and "surrender of evidence," was not the usual breach-of-promise-to-marry suit. However, it would presumably have been as effective a vehicle for getting these inflammatory letters into the public eye. Mr. Heckscher's answer to the present suit seems to intimate that the first was a sort of disguised heartbalm, after all, for he says:

"Miss Hempel's suit for breach of contract was entirely baseless and her allegations were false and untrue and it was instituted as a cover for illegal, false and fraudulent claims, made by Miss Hempel for which she could not

Frieda Hempel Exercising in the Gymnasium to Keep Down the Weight So Many Prima Donnas Are Afflicted With.

then commenced action for the reason that she at that time was married and living with her husband, and therefore used the trumped-up contract action for the purpose of getting into court and threatening to publish correspondence which she had wrongfully, and on false and fraudulent representations obtained.

"I was influenced to make this agreement on false and fraudulent representations."

Even if this does not make the agreement void, Mr. Heckscher says that the singer herself has broken it and made it void. He points to a clause which provides:

"That neither will at any time communicate with, molest or otherwise interfere with the peace, quiet and happiness of the other."

"But," complains Mr. Heckscher, "since May 11, 1928, she has communicated with me and molested me and interfered with my peace, quiet and happiness. She has written me various letters in attempt to establish contacts and interviews with me and calling attention to her loneliness and sadness, and making endearing terms in attempt to induce me to see her. Also stating her worry and her need for financial assistance, calling attention to her expenses and debts, and to her suffering and thereby attempting to entice me to give her more money in substantial amounts."

"Also attempting to again persuade me that she was 'devoted' and referring to annoying matters which occurred before May 11, 1928, comparing her poverty as against my alleged riches, and attempting to induce me to communicate with me to interfere with my peace and happiness."

"These actions on her part continued after I became married and such actions have interfered with the happiness of myself and my family as well

and have been so constantly attempted that I, down to the present time, am obliged to take precautions to protect myself from attempted contact by Miss Hempel."

Some might not think it a great hardship to be molested by a well-known grand opera star. Being now 51 years old, she might seem more fitted for the role of mother than girl-friend but from Mr. Heckscher's venerable age of 87, she is hardly more than a flapper. Mr. Heckscher has married since that agreement was signed and any married man can imagine how lonely she is and how impossible it would be, no matter how innocent one was to have a once loved voice from his past and from the stage, constantly trying to get him on the telephone and see him outside. Most any wife would take the attitude "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire left. You could make her stop running after you if you really tried."

Another trouble is that when Frieda does get August on the wire, she doesn't seem to use the voice with the smile that is supposed to win everyone. Apparently it's a voice with a sob about how lonely she is and how impossible it is to pinch along on that \$15,000 a year relief fund.

Even should she tell him how devoted she is and ask tenderly about his health, it would naturally annoy him because he could not help remembering when she begged the court to speed up her case against him because she feared he might die before the trial.

On the telephone he can always hang up, but when he steps out he must watch his step or he may run right into the lady, his complaint, alleges. And once a determined lady has a gentleman by the button hole, how can he get away in a gentlemanly way? To avoid such dilemmas Mr. Heckscher says he has to deviate from his ordinary course of travel, but a man so prominent cannot always be devious and obscure, or as Mr. Heckscher put it in his answer to her suit:

"And on divers occasions she met and accosted me and insisted upon talking to me about her affairs and asking for help, and otherwise annoying me in public places, to the extent that I was obliged to deviate from my

ordinary course of travel in order to avoid meeting her. She also bothered me by calling me on the telephone."

For many years the embarrassed millionaire has spent most of his time and money in philanthropy, not phandering enterprises, which is a very different thing going exclusively to the opposite sex and not deductible from one's income tax. When one of his big philanthropic enterprises, simply must be on the platform to say a few words. But there he is right in the public eye where the 51-year-old voice he would like to forget can reach him.

If she was not there to speak for herself, someone else was likely to shout, "Hempel" at him, if it complained. This was annoying enough when irresponsible rowdies did it, but no less a personage than New York's Mayor LaGuardia, threw it at him once. This happened during a previous campaign when Jimmy Walker was running successfully for reelection against Fiorello LaGuardia. In the midst of the contest Walker thought it would be a good idea to demonstrate how many of New York City's most eminent citizens were for him.

The Mayor was able to round up a large and impressive group of assorted dignitaries on the steps of City Hall where they were duly photographed by the news cameras. Next day in his campaign speeches LaGuardia paid his respects to that gathering in aid of his opponent. After mentioning various names by name, he wound up as follows:

"I noticed that August Heckscher, that great philanthropist, was there too. As a matter of fact everybody who counted for anything was there except Frieda Hempel."

That annoyed Mr. Heckscher exceedingly.

The first time the public heard the names Heckscher and Hempel linked together was in 1928, when the singer went to Paris, supposedly to divorce her husband, William B. Kahn, of Chicago. It was reported at the time that she was already engaged to the rich New Yorker, and that he had handed her a million dollars' worth of jewels. Both the divorce proceedings and the engagement mysteriously petered out.

The jewels referred to as Madame Hempel's gift from her admirer were said to have consisted of a magnificent rope of perfectly matched pearls.

When the singer was asked if Mr. Heckscher had not given her this necklace, her attorney replied for her: "Madame Hempel does not know what it is worth, whether \$7,000 or \$70,000 or what. Gifts mean nothing to Madame Hempel. Kings and Emperors have lavished them upon her."

"This gorgeous diamond necklace, insured for \$45,000, was given to her by the late King Leopold of Belgium. She has a pin and bracelet from the German Kaiser, a diamond and emerald brooch from King Alfonso of Spain, and no end of gifts from sovereigns and distinguished persons who have admired her magnificent voice and wished to give her some tangible token of their appreciation."

Kaiser Wilhelm's bracelet was one of Madame Hempel's most treasured gifts, and she preferred to wear it on her ankle.

It was said that the prima donna first introduced herself to the philanthropist by means of a letter and picture mailed to him from Europe. It was the most fascinating picture she ever had taken, and perhaps the best letter she ever wrote. It flattered the old gentleman's philanthropy and broad-mindedness, pleasing him no end.

Frau Frieda is in Germany. Her seven fat years of the contract will be followed by seven lean ones and then some, if she depends upon Mr. Heckscher to pay any of her bills, according to the philanthropist's lawyer, former Senator George F. Thompson.

Fame And Prosperity For The Clever Farm Girls



Miss Marjorie Frye, 18, and Her Frise Bull, "Amos," at the Livestock Show.



Sharpeville, Indiana, Sent Maxine Quakenbush, 17, and Her Grand Championship Pen of Southdown Lambs to the Livestock Show.



Lorraine Tanz, 19, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, One of the "4-H" Champions. She Was Honored for Her Skill in Food Preparation.

THE bright lights of the city do not turn nearly so many girls from the farm and the small town as the song-writers and joke-makers would have people believe, nor do the young women who stay on the home acres have such a dull time of it. They may not have the time and the opportunity to go night-clubbing and cocktail-bouring, but they get their pictures and their names in the newspapers and they get a lot of fun out of life.

Time was when a country girl would no more think of breeding cattle than a young woman of the city would consider going to work in an office instead of biding her time until "Mr. Right" came along. But times have changed, in the hinterlands as well as in the urban centers. Nowadays the up-and-coming country girls don their overalls and their work shoes and get right out into the barn and the field. They do a good job at raising cows, sheep, pigs and chickens and at growing wheat, corn and other products of the soil. Some of them are so expert that they take their share of cups, ribbons and medals at the county fairs and the livestock shows held here and there about the country every year. They ask no quarter of the non-folks, and give none.

Kitties in the Money



A Patron of a Brighton, England, Hotel, Who Inadvertently Left Her Furse on a Settee in the Lobby, Returned to Find These Curious Young Kittens Had Taken It Over. The Patron Called to a Friend Who Had a Camera, and This Is the Snapshot That Resulted.

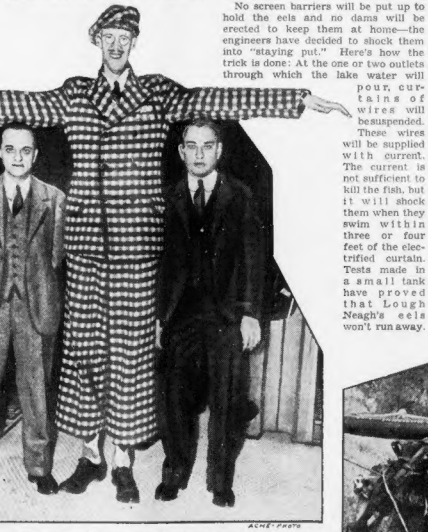
Shocking Lesson for Eels

ENGINEERS are lowering the surface of the water in Lough Neagh, a lake in Northern Ireland. The excess water will run out to sea—but the millions of eels in the lake, which is the largest inland body of water in the British Isles, will stay right where they are.

Take the young woman shown in the photograph at the extreme left of the page. She doesn't look like the conventional picture of a rural miss, and if it wasn't for the bull and the bucket she might be a vacationer at one of the country's smart winter resorts. Her name is Marjorie Frye and she's just turned 18, but she's a crack herdsman who took second prize at the recent International Livestock Show in Chicago with her bull "Amos." The judges almost gave her first prize and when she arrived back home in Peoria, Illinois, she was welcomed as enthusiastically as though she had won a golf championship or had avum the English Channel.

Watches the World Go By in Mirrors

THE Reverend H. A. Clark, of Gardiner, Maine, is down—almost completely paralyzed by arthritis—but he's far from out. Disease has stiffened his one-strong and active body so that he has to spend his days flat on his back, unable to move except for a limited action of the fingers of the right hand. But he sees what's going on around him despite his tragic handicap, and smilingly tells his friends that "It's a great age to be sick in."



Chester Cass, Londoner, Who Rises to a Height of Seven Feet, Six Inches, Flanked by Two Normal-Sized Men, Over Whom He Towers Like a Skyscraper.

For the first two years of his illness the minister spent his time looking at the ceiling of his bedroom and passing the time by laboriously writing a book of creditable verse. Then he conceived the bright idea of making the uninteresting ceiling reflect the outside world—by equipping it with mirrors. He worked the mechanism out and directed the installation of a system of looking-glasses, pulleys, clamps and ropes. When the mirrors were properly adjusted the clergyman could lie on his back and see what was going on in the street below his window.

Life became much more interesting because the invalid could see people walking on the sidewalk, children at play and motor traffic rolling by. Eventually the apparatus was improved upon by the addition of a universal joint and other gadgets, such as a holder for books and writing-paper. Because the minister cannot turn a page, he does his writing on a roll which can be pulled down by a slight movement of his crippled fingers.

England's Human Skyscraper

CHESTER CASS, the towering young man shown wearing the checkered ensemble in the photograph above, doesn't need such flashy outfits to attract attention. If he went around in suits of modest gray, or funeral black, he still would stand out "like a sore thumb" because he is seven feet and a half tall and one of the longest males ever born in the British Isles.

Last Fall, when it came time for the annual football game between Gardiner High School and Cony High School, of nearby Augusta, the Reverend Mr. Clark, always an ardent football fan, made up his mind to see the contest.

All He Got Was a Black Eye

THE Grim Reaper, who uses automobiles as one of his most violent ways of reducing the population, is not above his little jokes. Sometimes he will set the stage for horrible death and then let the "victim" escape in a manner that seems miraculous.

The photograph below shows the crushed and battered remains of a motor car and the two men who were riding in it when it was struck by a train. The fellow in the derby, one John Gardner, was at the wheel. Biting beside him was his grandfather, the bewhiskered old codger who is scratching his head and apparently saying: "Is that what we were riding in a minute ago?"

Mr. Gardner, despite the pulverized condition of his machine, was left off with a black eye, and not a very bad "shiner" at that. His grandfather had a small scratch on one hand and a couple of minor bruises. At the time of the accident they were driving over a railroad crossing at Vange, England, and collided with a special train that Mr. Gardner didn't expect on the line at that time of day.

Fortunately both men were thrown out of the machine the instant it smashed into the train. They were catapulted out of their seats out of the train's path. The wrecked car was carried along the track and thoroughly mangled. Three coaches were so badly damaged that they had to be replaced before the train could go on.



This Is What Was Left of an Automobile Struck by a Train at Vange, England. The Driver (Wearing Derby) Escaped With a Black Eye, and to Judge From His Grandfather's Expression, the Outcome Was a Pleasant Surprise, Indeed.

Murdered Her With a Poisoned Toothbrush

"I've Such a Dreadful Taste in My Mouth," Complained Actress Tita Critescu, and Then She Dropped Into a Chair and Died—But Again the "Perfect Crime" Turned Out a Failure



The Death Tube and Brush.

Tita in One of Her Theatrical Roles.

BUCHAREST, March 5. THE "TOOTHBRUSH MURDERER" is what they called the wealthy civil engineer Liviu Cuileu, of this city, who sits in his cell, awaiting trial on the charge of ingeniously killing Tita Critescu, an actress, who was "Miss Roumania of 1933," and one of the prettiest girls in the country.

The police say that Liviu managed to make the young beauty kill herself by placing on her toothbrush poison from a half-empty tube of tooth-paste which she had been using regularly for ten days or more.

On that particular night, exactly as the murderer had planned, and when the girl was alone, ready to go to bed, the tube that had always before yielded only a harmless dentifrice, gave out a fatal dose of a form of cyanide.

The crime was one of the most ingenious of modern times, and as far as the human mind could plan, a perfect one. It came within a hair of being just that. The thing that betrayed this killer in the same one that spoils so many "perfect crimes," the impossibility of any person controlling or foreseeing the unexpected behavior of persons who should not have intruded on the scene at all. A murder of this kind, where the victim is tricked into taking his own life, is really a ghastly practical joke. Anyone who plays practical jokes knows how often little, unexpected events make them go wrong.

On the night of her death, the actress' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gheorghe Critescu, dined with their daughter in her apartment. The maid who served the meal explained that it was an invitation made and accepted on the spur of the moment, late in the afternoon, and over the telephone. The murderer could not have known that this would happen nor would he probably have cared much because it neither saved the girl, nor brought out the slightest evidence against him.

Nevertheless, it was a bad break for him because when the parents went home at 11:30 that evening they remarked to each other how happy their daughter was in her approaching marriage to Hotta Cusa, a young man of the Roumanian diplomatic service. Nobody could make them believe that right after they left, this happy daughter had purposely poisoned herself.

However, this was not evidence nor even a clue. The clue came from the other unforeseen coincidence.

The murderer had a piece of good luck, too. The maid told the police

that as soon as Tita's parents left, her mistress had told her to go to bed right away. As she gave the order, she took a capsule from a box, and the maid saw her swallow it. The police found the box where the maid said Tita had set it down. It was empty.

The maid had thought nothing of it because the actress was in the habit of taking a reducing capsule every night. She supposed that is what this was and she was right but that capsule, taken at that time, threw the police and everyone else off the tooth-paste trail. The maid went to bed but was awakened about half an hour later by someone shaking her shoulder. She looked up into the frightened face of Mrs. Mikal Gregorian, Tita's sister, who said:

"Get a doctor, at once. Tita is very ill."

The maid obeyed, but when she returned with a physician Miss Critescu was dead. Mrs. Gregorian related that, happening to pass by and seeing a light in her sister's apartment, she ran up for a moment's chat. Tita answered the bell herself, in a reglige over her night-gown. Tita had looked to be in the best of health and spirits. Chattering gaily and with an arm around her sister, she led her visitor into the bedroom. But there she abruptly pushed her away and stared with the expression of someone who has suddenly remembered something dreadful.

"What is the matter?" the married sister asked. Tita dropped into a chair and said:

"Get me a glass of water. Something is going on inside me. I am thirty-four of a sudden and I have a dreadful taste in my mouth which is queer because I have just brushed my teeth."

Tita gulped at the water but her hand shook and before she had swallowed half of it, she dropped the glass, turned deathly white and gasped:

"I am going to be awfully sick. Get a doctor."

By the time Mrs. Gregorian returned from waking the maid her sister was unconscious. In a few moments she was dead.

The police heard all this and guessed wrong for several reasons. Tita was an actress and police have lots of experience helping ambulance surgeons man the stomach pumps for stage folk who have decided to end it all. This one was a beauty contest winner and "Beauty Queen" are notoriously unlikeliest of all. At first nobody pointed to anyone with a motive for murder and since nobody likes to admit that a relative has committed suicide, the family's statements of Tita's gaiety were not taken too seriously. If it would make them feel better the authorities would let it go as an accident—many women have died from taking too strenuous reducing diet.

But there was trouble over that. The reducing capsules were being taken under a doctor's supervision and were very mild. The theory was completely knocked out when a rather hasty autopsy revealed cyanide poisoning. That settled things in the coroner's mind and the girl was buried with suicide against her.

This threw the father of the dead girl into a frenzy in which he became obsessed by an idea, so close to the truth that it seems almost telepathic. The police ridiculed his assertion based on no evidence at all that somebody had injected cyanide with a hypodermic needle into one of those solid reducing capsules. Also they wanted to know who wished to kill the girl anyway.

The father then surprised them by accusing Liviu Cuileu, on the ground that he had wanted to marry Tita and could not bear the thought of her becoming the wife of Hotta Cusa.



Upon the Toothbrush Tita Squeezed the Paste, Not Knowing That Into It Had Been Injected the Sulfily Acting Deadly Poison.



The Theatre Regina Maria, Where Tita Was a Star.



The Wealthy Engineer, Liviu Cuileu, Charged With the Ingenious Murder of Tita.

Again the police scorned the idea. Cuileu had been married for more than ten years and could not have expected to marry anyone. They knew all about Critescu, who was a socialist demagogue of the most radical and spectacular sort, always accusing his opponents of crimes from murder down. The newspapers did not take him too seriously either, but when the father of one of the most beautiful girls in the entire country says she was murdered, and the authorities don't care, it is devastating.

Their stops stirred the authorities to a new investigation, which included questioning the engineer Cuileu. With seeming frankness he told that for five years the dead girl had been his secret sweetheart but that more than a year ago he had lost interest and ended relations with her. However, she had been in financial straits and had persuaded him into letting her have quite a little money. For this reason he had looked forward to her approaching marriage with approval and relief.

It so happened that he had not been in the city more than a week before Tita's death. He gave them names of half a dozen witnesses who knew he had been with his whole family at Rinaia, some distance from Bucharest. The witnesses confirmed this and the police were satisfied, except that they turned up something which seemed to

some parts of the syringe away keeping only the glass cylinder.

In order to test the truth of the statement on the detectives went to the place indicated by the physician to find the parts of the syringe which he had thrown away. It was three o'clock in the morning and pitch dark. The detectives worked with the aid of searchlights. After some time they found the parts at the indicated spot, which proved that the physician had spoken the truth and that Liviu Cuileu had indeed borrowed a syringe from him.

Confronted with this, the engineer coolly replied:

"My brother is a fool, trying to destroy evidence that is not evidence, or I would have destroyed it myself."

But he was trapped into admitting that he had lied when he told them he was no longer interested in Tita. With this the police went at the investigation in earnest. They found that regardless of those six witnesses, the morning before the girl's death Cuileu had made a quick trip to the city. The following day when the papers told of her mysterious death, he had insisted on visiting the apartment. But his wife, who knew of the affair, protested, had hysterics, and finally threatened to shoot herself. She had tried, he missed herself by a safe margin, sending the bullet into the ceiling.

Alert at last the police asked themselves what he was so anxious to go there for. It was probably to remove some piece of incriminating evidence. It was not the capsules because, if any, only one had been poisoned. Tita had taken the last one in the box.

Now they remembered that in the dying girl's last words she mentioned just having brushed her teeth. A more careful autopsy revealed that her gums were heavily impregnated with cyanide. There were traces of it on the toothbrush and then they turned to the half-empty tube of paste.

Collapsible tubes of this sort are filled from the rear end and sealed by a machine. It was clear that this had not been repaired nor were there any needle punctures through the flexible metal. Yet when they squeezed out a little of the contents it was powerfully charged with cyanide. A few more squeezes and the pure unadulterated paste appeared.

The explanation was simple. The murderer had merely uncrowded the cap, stuck the needle down a short distance, squirted the poison in and replaced the cap. The very next time Tita used the paste she placed on her toothbrush a fatal dose of cyanide.

The father's strange, telepathic clue had been correct, except that it was not the capsule but the paste that had been needed.

Cuileu, who still protests his innocence, is suspected of having obtained the cyanide from a chemical firm of which he was a director.

No crime is perfect without a lot of luck, which usually seems to run against murderers.

Has the Arctic /s/seen a Ghost Down Last?

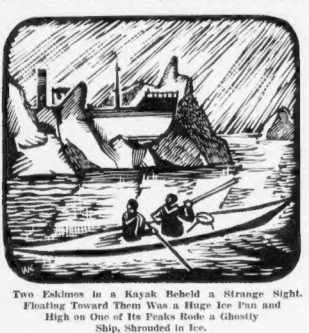
THE mystery ship of the frozen North, the abandoned trading steamer Baychimo, failed to make her regular "ghostly" appearance this past Summer, but people who live in the Arctic refuse to believe that she has gone down at last. She will come back next year, they say, or the year after that, and she will rise out of the ice pack time after time, for many long years to come.

They are convinced there is some weird power that keeps her afloat. Otherwise, how has she been able, repeatedly, to withstand the crushing force of ice floes that might easily smash a stranger vessel? They suggest that perhaps she is under a curse, such as the one that legends say was placed upon The Flying Dutchman, that phantom ship whose skipper—as punishment for his cruelty and profanity—was doomed to stand at the wheel until judgment day, trying in vain to drive his ill-fated vessel around the Cape of Good Hope, where contrary winds are continually blowing.

But unlike the fabulous Dutch windjammer, the Baychimo has not had the reputation of being an evil ship, nor has anyone accused her captain of being a brutal man, who starved his crew and flogged them for the sheer joy of it.

Yet, it is a fact that the Baychimo came to grief, in some strange manner that is difficult to understand. And being a supernaturalist, sailors who know about her are sure that somebody must have done something to bring her misfortune, for they insist that had luck never come to a ship without reason. Could it be that, as in the case of "The Ancient Mariner," some member of her crew killed an albatross, or broke some other old tradition of the sea? And what is the meaning of a pair of rusty handcuffs found long after she was abandoned, lying on a hatch cover?

Whatever it may have been that put a curse on her, if anything did, the trouble that made her a mystery ship came unexpectedly. Loaded with a \$600,000 fur cargo, she was homeward bound early in the Fall of 1931, after



Two Eskimos in a Kayak Behold a Strange Sight. Floating Toward Them Was a Huge Ice Pan and High on One of Its Peaks Rode a Ghostly Ship, Shrouded in Ice.

an uncommonly successful season—and everyone on board was in high spirits. Without warning, she ran deep into a vast field of ice floes, off Sealoupe Island, at a place where there should have been no ice at that time of the year.

Even so, she was a sturdy little steamer, and she ought to have been able to nose her way back into open water. But an eerie wind that seemed to sweep down from the Pole, and then swirl around back toward it, took her off her course and drove her further into the broken ice field. Floes closed in on every side, and as if guided by some evil power, blocked her way, no matter in which direction she turned. Up until that time her engines had been in perfect condition, but at the critical moment they broke down, and to the men on board there seemed to be no natural explanation for that, either. In a few hours, the temperature dropped far below zero, and along with the howling wind, the snow came, blotting out everything.

At first there was a great cracking and thundering, as the floes piled up on each other, walling the Baychimo in and making her hull groan and creak. But she stood the strain, riding high on the ice pack. Then the wind went down, and all around there was an endless world of silence. With his ship frozen tight and the long black winter coming on, the captain saw there was nothing to do but abandon her. He did not have enough supplies to keep his men alive until spring. So salvaging as much of the cargo as he could on makeshift sleds, they set out across the ice. After months of hardships, they were finally rescued.

When news of their disaster reached the mainland, an aviator and two observers flew over 5,000 square miles of territory, with a 50-mile visibility, but no trace of the Baychimo was found. The only explanation was that she must have been completely snowed under. So no one expected that the ship would ever be seen again.

But early the following Summer, two Eskimos in a kayak saw the stranger sight their eyes had ever looked upon. Floating toward them was a huge ice pan, and high on one of its peaks rode a ghostly ship, shrouded in ice. Turning back, they paddled as fast as they could to Point Barrow, where they reported what they had seen.

Two sons of Charles D. Brower, "the white king of Barrow," went out to investigate, and they found the Baychimo had been squeezed to the top of a big floe. Nothing of any particular value was still aboard, and it was evident that she had already been rifled, perhaps by other Eskimos more daring than the two who took the news to Point Barrow. Her hatches were open to the wind, rain and snow and in her hold were a few caribou skins. In one cabin they discovered two typewriters, stationery and the fur company's ledgers. But the stranger thing of all was the pair of rusty handcuffs lying on a hatch cover, the way they got there and what they indicated, no one seems to know.

Each Fall she disappears, swallowed up in the ice pack. But time after time, she shows up again, always riding high on a floe, like a specter in her sheeting of ice, and each time she is sighted in a new place, far away from where last seen.

There are some seamen, however, who believe that the real ship has already gone down to the bottom of the ocean, and that what is now seen at intervals is her ghost—just as every now and then some sailor sees with the utmost seriousness that he has actually seen the phantom of The Flying Dutchman, skimming like a mist over the mountainous seas off the tip of South Africa.

Killed Family And Himself For A "Silly" Reason

CHARLES A. COBB of Omaha sat in his living-room one Sunday night and wrote a scholarly note explaining why he was about to kill his wife, his two sons, Robert and Charles, and himself.

Then, carefully placing the note against a clock on the mantle where it would be found, he went upstairs and garroted his wife and sons with a larist as they slept. Afterward, taking with him the family's pet water spaniel, Lassie, he drove to a field on the outskirts of town, fastened the hose from a vacuum cleaner to the exhaust pipe of the car, thrust the other end through a window, and sat down to die.

Why did he do it? The answer is puzzling, because his note portrayed Charles Cobb and his family as the exact counterparts of families to be found over the length and breadth of the land.

His problems were their problems. His prelude to death carries between its lines the real American tragedy.

The Cobbs were not poor. They were not rich. Cobb had a good job as a minor executive for a telephone company. Their house, comfortably furnished, was indistinguishable from tens of thousands of other American homes.

Slips of paper bearing accounts of household expenses in the Cobbs' careful hand might be picked up on the tables of half the homes in America. Yet Cobb killed his family and himself.

Because, he explained in his note, he was burdened by petty debts to the extent that he owed all his salary check before he received it, and that led to squabbles with his wife, Rose. There were other troubles, but they were all minor.

The note admits that "by color analysis, it seems silly," but explains that his troubles have "magnified themselves in my mind until I find them insufferable."

The doctor, an intensely humane, who has provided the alienists and the psychoanalysts with a Roman holiday, was addressed to a couple with whom the Cobbs sometimes played cards.

"This note will probably be a shock to you both," it began.

"I am writing here in the living-room, perfectly calm and in my right mind, and in a short time I plan to do the most horrible thing in the viewpoint of this modern social age."

"I am going to take the lives of those most dear to me in as painless a manner as possible, for the following reasons, which, in the minds of most persons would be very trivial but which have magnified themselves in my mind until I find them insufferable."

"First: The lack of money—because of debts contracted to provide a reasonable surplus over our obligations and to give us the everyday things we seem to need. No one is to blame but ourselves. We contracted the debts, enjoyed the things they provided, but now, because we owe every cent of them before it is received, we find that the lack of a few extra dollars has caused a great deal of hard feelings between Rose and myself. The fact that we can't have things we need has been the source of most of our petty squabbles."

"No one but we two can be blamed for our improvidence and manner of living. All this is trivial and in time could be corrected, but it would involve a change in our character, which we seem to be unable of achieving."

"My work at the office has been neglected to preposterous extent to the point where in a short time my shortcomings will reveal the fact that I should merit discharge."

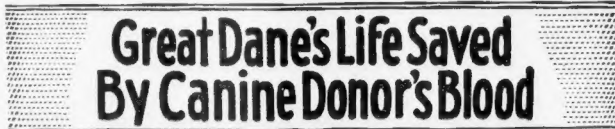
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Great Dane's Life Saved By Caline Doctor's Blood

BLOOD transfusions have saved the lives of many humans and now the veterinarians are adopting the same technique in the treatment of dog ailments.

An instance of this practice came to light recently in Los Angeles. A six-month-old Great Dane, started out in life with more than the normal dog's share of bad luck. First he got tangled up with an automobile. That encounter left Mac laid up for some time with a lot of cuts and painful bruises.

Just as he was beginning to feel himself again it became known that he was to undergo a little operation on his ears to bring his exterior appearance up to the standard prescribed for a dog of his blood and breeding.

But early the following Summer, two Eskimos in a kayak saw the stranger sight their eyes had ever looked upon. Floating toward them was a huge ice pan, and high on one of its peaks rode a ghostly ship, shrouded in ice. Turning back, they paddled as fast as they could to Point Barrow, where they reported what they had seen.

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In the aggregate, this total debt is not an insurmountable amount, if I continued to receive a regular salary. But without a steady income, we would soon be objects of charity, and that I cannot and will not face.

My own suicide would only complicate matters worse for Rose.

"I only have \$5,000 insurance, on which I have borrowed from time to time, and with the interest due, she would only have about \$4,000 left, not enough to keep her and the boys until the boys could help and she is not physically able to work."

Rose has a \$1,000 life insurance policy, premium paid to date; Bob has \$1,000 insurance, premium paid; and Chubbly has \$1,000 insurance in one policy and \$600 in another.

"Provide the least expensive funeral possible for us and see that our bodies are cremated, ashes scattered to the winds. I have no relatives to notify."

"I regret the publicity and notoriety my act will entail and I deeply regret the effect it will have on our friends who are really very few. I have not a single religious, quasi-religious, and am using this expression only because of its significance. 'God forgive me for what I am about to do.'"

"You and the others who may become aware of these facts cannot be expected to forgive my weak-minded reasoning, but I have convinced myself that I am justified in taking this step."

"After I have put the others to sleep, and no one else is about, I will ever know how much I love them and what this resolution has cost me in mental anguish this day and night. I am going to drive the car to some secluded spot near town and end my own life by nonlethal poison. I am not insane and am cold sober."

"Think as kindly of me as you can and please, both of you, keep a spot in your heart for Rose and the boys. They deserve it even if I don't."

Subsequent inquiry revealed that Cobb was in no danger of dismissal from his employment, and that his derelictions were largely imaginary.

He was conscientious about his work, and instead of neglecting his duties, it seemed that he took them more seriously than was good for him. He was very ambitious, and had a high opinion of his ability, which he quite likely overestimated. Thus he tried desperately hard to achieve more than he was capable of doing without overtraining his mind, and this naturally had a bad effect on his nerves.

In such a state of mind, it is not surprising that he imagined his employers were displeased with him, and he was a matter of fact, they were quite contented with the way he did his job. He would attach, however, an exaggerated significance to small things that would come up in the ordinary daily routine, and brooding over them, would convince himself they were an indication that he was slipping and was likely to be discharged.

Usually exhausted and nervous when he reached home, he would be so irritable that he and his wife would quarrel over the most trivial matters. Doctors believe that as time went on he reached the point where he felt like a man in a cage. To him, it seemed that he was running around in circles, accomplishing nothing. He was trapped, and thus the impulse to commit suicide was, as it is in most cases, an overwhelming desire to escape from intolerable circumstances.

Alienists and psychiatrists, examining the note, pronounced it the work of a man suffering from grandiose delusions.

"Cobb felt he was lord and master of creation," said Dr. George E. Neuhaus, alienist. "He was very ambitious, the product of a logical mind, but upon closer inspection, the reasoning is faulty."

"He suffered from a sense of failure. He conceived that as a member of a well-to-do Delaware family, and as a university graduate, he should have progressed further at 41."

A handwriting expert analyzing the note said it revealed Cobb as a poser, a man who had every effort bent toward the front he put toward the world, who could suffer loss of dignity less of all.

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"I owe our grocer about \$175. I have been behind in payments to him for about a year."

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Free the Swans Every 3 Years For Their Dinner

NONE of the South Sea Island natives likes to work. Nature has been indulgent, and they are like spoiled children because they can reach up and pick a banana or a coconut and other kinds of fruit almost anywhere, and fish are easy to catch around the shore and in the rivers.

But in one of the Chatham Islands near New Zealand is a peculiar situation which has encouraged the natives to do a little real work once in three years—and have eggs and wild food every day until it becomes necessary to do some real labor again after three years of feasting.

On this island live some of the old tribe of Morioris, now an almost extinct race, and on this same island are flocks of big, white swans. The swans were first brought to the island by white settlers one hundred years ago.

Before that the Morioris varied their diet with human flesh. They were indeed cannibals. But the swans seemed to take the place of human meat, and brought about an important reform.

The reason the Morioris have to work every three years to get their swan meat is a curious one.

The largest island of the Chatham group is that of Whalukauri, and in the center of the island is a great lagoon, called "The Lake." It is here that the swans live and eat. But from the lagoon to the sea there is only a narrow outlet and this gradually and regularly gets choked up with sand.

When the outlet is open and the level of the water is low, water weeds cover the surface, and upon them live multitudes of small shell fish. The swans eat the small shell fish and the water weeds. They become as lazy and as well-fed as the natives, for there is an abundance of food. They then lay eggs in great numbers.

The inhabitants of Whalukauri are not only fond of swans but also of their eggs. They have enough intelligence not to eat enough to keep down the swan population. Sometimes the nests hold as many as 30 eggs. The eggs are gathered in huge bags strapped to horses. These bags are filled in a short time. The natives have a custom of breaking one egg in each nest to see whether the eggs are still fresh.

As baby swans grow in size and number the food supply for the flocks becomes smaller and smaller. At the same time the outlet becomes choked up with sand and the water begins covering the weeds.

The swans eat only what appears on the surface of the water and so when the food supply diminishes because of the rising water they stop laying eggs and become thin and scrawny.

With the passing of another year they are so thin that they are unable to escape when chased and many of their numbers starve to death. The inhabitants spare the "thin" swans since only the "fat" ones are good to eat.

By the end of the third year the water is so high and the weeds and shell fish are so scarce that there are not many swans left. When the water level in the lagoon is highest the food supply of the swans is lowest. Then the lazy natives realize that they cannot put off work any longer; they start hanker after swan meat. So they dig out the sand-choked outlet of the lagoon.

With the sinking of the water level the food for the swans steadily becomes more abundant, the swans begin to get fat, more eggs are laid, the swans multiply, the natives eat them and the three-year cycle of free food begins again.

There are other less tasty birds to eat during the lean months but it is no real work to get them.

There are only about 500 people living on the island, although formerly the population numbered well over 2,000, which accounts for the shortage of workers.

These Morioris of the Chatham Islands are a Polynesian people who bear a certain racial kinship to the more cultured Maoris of the South Island of New Zealand. But since their environment is now unfavorable, their arts and crafts are more primitive, and for the most part they have no cultivated food. In fact, they will eat almost anything that will sustain life, and when nothing else is available, they sometimes subsist on fern roots and berries.

On outlying rocks that bound the coast of the various islands, albatrosses frequently come to nest, and while these compare favorably with swan eggs, they are not so tender as those of the albatrosses. It is a difficult and risky job to get them. In the first place, to get to the rocks it is necessary to make the trip in a canoe, and to make a trip in a canoe it is necessary to have a canoe, which is a luxury few of the lazy Morioris possess. So they have to be pretty hungry before they make canoes and set out on a perilous expedition for albatrosses.

Weather conditions on the island make it difficult to work even if the natives liked to. The islands are low-lying and during the winter months the fog settles over the villages. The intense heat during the Summer makes the daylight hours almost unbearable. The pure-blooded Morioris were well-adapted to these conditions, but intermarriage with other tribes thinned their ranks so that in 1931 the last pure-blooded Morioris died.

Since then the British Government has assumed the burden of looking after their well-being with the result that most of their initiative is gone.

To work hard once in three years seems to be about the limit of their energy, and if they are not given a little help, which is no easy job, any oftener, it is probable that they would let the swans starve to death, for love of work is less than a virtue with the natives.

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Why Actors and Actresses Are Unhappy Husbands and Wives

Professor Laird Explains the Marital Failures of the Late John Gilbert, "The Great Lover," Who Had Four Wives—and Other Romantic Upsets



Beautiful Virginia Bruce, a Moving Picture Actress, Married John Gilbert But Divorced Him.

In Claire Grew Was Mrs. Gilbert, But She Too Was Divorced From "The Great Lover."

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sc.D., Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

THE high rate of turnover of husbands and wives among the actors and actresses of Hollywood and the theatrical ritalia has misled people unacquainted with the underlying psychology to look upon these persons as to put it mildly, pretty loose in their living. But this is a gross error.

The trouble actors and actresses have in getting and keeping happily married is not due to a careless attitude toward the obligations of matrimony, but to some fundamental problems of personality, health and of getting along with others. The troubles come from the same source as the marriage troubles of people leading less glamorous lives—but the troubles do seem to be concentrated among these actor folk, and in this we find something which everyone should know before they take the final leap into matrimony lest they, too, run into some unexpected trouble.

There was Rudolph Valentino, the idol of hundreds of thousands of heart-sick wives and unmarried women the country over—but he could not get along with his wives, he did not bring them the ecstasies of happiness that his worshippers secretly imagined he could bring to them.

And with the death of John Fringile, known to thousands of love-smitten women as John Gilbert, of the screen, we are again reminded of the fact that the great lovers of the screen usually cannot find married happiness for themselves. Gilbert was married, and divorced, four times, yet he was only 36 years old when his death stunned many women worshippers as the news was flashed across the country.

Indeed, Gilbert must have been exceptional as a real life lover for he was at one time engaged to the unsurpassable Greta Garbo. In fact, he and Greta drove together to the court house at Santa Ana to get a marriage license. But suddenly it is said she paused, turned in her tracks and said:

"No, I think I don't get married today. I think I go home."

That is the origin of that famous phrase. Few persons know that it started when the Swedish actress jilted, almost at the altar, the man with whom thousands of women were weeping in love. Did Miss Garbo have some prevision, some prophetic hunch, which told her she would be risking her own happiness to become married to the screen's great lover?

Garbo may have known that all through history most of the world's great lovers have made pretty poor husbands or wives, and acted accordingly.

Consider Richard Wagner, the composer. Women were music in his life, ever since he was 14 years old. Whether the woman was already married or not made no difference, he fascinated

Lou Tellegen, the Stage's "Perfect Lover" of a Few Years Ago, With His Famous Operatic Wife, Geraldine Farrar. Their Romance Ended in the Divorce Courts.

her and usually took her away from her husband, together with large slices of the unfortunate husband's money. Yet he found that his intense love quickly curdled and that a few months of bliss was followed by the torments of unhappiness—until he fell in love with another woman.

Then there is Gabriele d'Annunzio, the aged Italian poet and aviator, who has always passed from one grand love affair to another. Princesses, actresses, dancers, became his marital companions, but only for a few years when they were cast off as the ardor cooled.

The truth is that romantic people are poorly equipped for living a happy married life. Constant association, even between the ideal man and woman, never remains a purely romantic thing for long. That is one great truth people should realize before they take the fatal step. Courting, or loving-making on the screen, is entirely different from living with a person. That is why merely being in love is a poor guide for getting married.

"You should make up your mind about a person before you fall in love," Cornelia Stratton Parker advises college co-eds, "for after that you can't do anything about it. What you want life to mean to you should determine what kind of a mate you should marry."

Dr. H. A. Reys, the Detroit physician who has devoted much attention to these problems among his patients has reached much the same conclusion. This is how he says that love or romance is a poor guide:

Usually these emotional ecstasies touch off the dream of an ideal that we built up in childhood. The indi-

vidual with whom we fall in love in some ways fits into our fantasies and is often childish needs. There is an upsurge of powerful feelings from all levels, even the infantile, as is shown by the baby talk in which lovers indulge. The novel, the movie, the radio also help to fill the imagination with romance far removed from the facts of life.

"Great is the shock to many when the facts of life displace the glamour. Some never recover. The change that has taken place is usually blamed upon the partner, and an attempt is made, according to the temperament, to force the partner by nagging, ranting, whining, pouting, crying, martyrdom, or temper tantrums back into the role of the glamorous ideal."

After all, a person has to be a philosopher, rather than a great lover, to achieve married happiness. Xenophanes, wife of Socrates, was as ill-tempered a shrew as any man ever had to live with. When she would scold and nag, her philosopher-husband would merely praise her as being a good housekeeper. It took a good philosophy of life for Socrates to keep from wringing her neck. If he had had the temperament of an actor, the odds are that he would have done just that thing.

Both great actors and great lovers have the introverted temperament. Their emotions are turned inward, or introverted. The feelings of persons with this make-up of personality are sensitive and easily hurt, yet they are

Valentino, Another of the Screen's Famous Lovers, Was a Failure in the Two Attempts He Made at Real-Life Marriage.

more introverted than 80 per cent of college men and women. Only a few, such as Willie Howard and Ann Pennington, were at average in this temperamental type; most of the actors and actresses went to the very top of the scale.

This pent-up emotional nature, it can be readily seen, is an asset in the profession of portraying emotions. But it is a double handicap in marriage. It is a double handicap because, on the one hand such persons are highly sexed, intensely seeking love, but on the other hand, they are so self-centered, so sensitive, that it is difficult for them to get along with others, to live happily and quietly with a mate. Their marriages are likely to be the kind spoken of as bottle marriages.

"They have little capacity for other than selfish thought," says Dr. Reys. "They must be on the go, entertained, flattered. They are the eternal adolescent, who cannot face age or its necessary adjustments. Marriage cannot make them happy in life because



At the Height of His Fame, Gilbert Was Leading Man of the Swedish Garbo. The Two Are Shown Above in a Stage Scene, but They Fell in Love in Real Life, Were Engaged, and Then Greta Refused to Be the Fifth Mrs. Gilbert.

reliable forces, each seeking intense love, yet each so inflexible and so self-centered as likely not to be able to reach the pinnacle of married happiness which they crave much more than ordinary persons do.

So John Gilbert knew all the artifices of the ardent lover; quite probably he did not act but truly put his very heart and soul into his passionate scenes. He knew the glances, the gestures, all the little tricks which revealed a wonderful personification of the very things most women yearn for. But like most great lovers, his emotional nature was such that he could be in real life a great lover only for a short while. His emotions were too wrapped up in himself, and if they had not been he would not have been a brilliant actor.

The very things that make some people great lovers usually make them poor mates for the long pull. They are so wrapped up in love that they cannot adjust themselves to life. Divorce will not bring them rest for life, and romance will bring it only for a brief time.

This same thing can be said for Lou Tellegen, who was known both on and off stage as "the perfect lover," and who killed himself two years ago, after a number of unsuccessful marriages. He came to this country as Sarah Bernhardt's leading man, and, falling in love with Geraldine Farrar, the opera star, he was divorced from the Countess de Brouckere, and then married the prima donna. But his romance with Geraldine did not last long. Their hickering could be heard across the street, and before long she divorced him, naming a correspondent in nearly every State in the Union. Two years later he married Isabel Craven, who had been one of his leading ladies. That marriage lasted six years, when Miss Craven got a divorce on much the same grounds as Miss Farrar had. Tellegen then consoling himself for her loss by promptly marrying another leading lady, Miss Eva Casanova.

"In marriage we cannot live wholly unto ourselves," Dr. Reys comments. "The more we are successful in cooperative living, the more we transcend ourselves. The marriage relation must be built upon mutual respect and co-operation. It will bring both joy and suffering, for marriage can never be without strain or conflict, but these among increasingly mature individuals will be settled more and more on intelligence and not on feelings."

Through these experiences we will achieve greater harmony and understanding. This is the ideal toward which humanity must strive. Thus alone can character be properly formed and men prepared to assume the correct social attitudes to achieve the necessary balance between social justice and individual freedom."

A personality which makes it well impossible for them to learn that lesson makes the great lovers often the greatest failures at marriage. They try again and again, with different partners, thinking apparently that the fault lies in the other.

But this is another instance where the fault is more likely to be within ourselves. The great lovers are so fully primed for 100 per cent romance that they are not prepared for life which is action even ten per cent romance. Should we be envious—or should we extend them our sympathy?

Leatrice Joy Was Another of the Actress Wives of Gilbert Who Regained Her Freedom in the Courts.

outspoken and in almost complete disregard of the feelings of others. So we can easily see how much trouble would have been in store for them had Greta Garbo actually married John Gilbert. They played many romantic scenes together—yet would have been a continual source of irritation to each other.

Some time ago Walter Cramp, Jr., working with me, obtained data on the introversion of a large number of professional actors and actresses. These averaged

Strangely, three times as many women had seriously thought of getting divorced—and it was usually the introverted woman. In fact, almost 70 per cent of the most introverted women, those introverted to the same amount as actresses, had seriously contemplated taking divorce action.

In Philadelphia this finding has been confirmed just recently in an interesting way. Dr. James P. S. Rossard, of the University of Pennsylvania, studied more than 5,000 divorced women in that city of brotherly love and concluded:

"Grass widows prefer to live like lone wolves. They live where housing conditions make possible a certain independence of residence. The divorced woman places a premium upon privacy." That is a good description of how the introverted woman likes to live.

It is a cruel paradox that the love-hungry person are usually introverted, and yet they do not have an emotional make-up which will permit them to taste more than a few brief moments of romance before trouble brews. When stage or screen stars marry each other, we thus have the collision of two in-

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Keyed to the color of your eyes!



Thrill him tonight... wear this glamorous new makeup—that matches... harmonizing shades of face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara... keyed in flattering color tone to your own true personality color, the color of your eyes. It's the new way to be sure of your beauty, certain you look your best.

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IF YOUR EYES ARE HAZEL... you are sparkling, alert... a Mary Queen of Scots, ready to flash fire or favor, to awake quick response to your gorgeous aliveness! Choose the new Marvelous Matched Makeup...

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IT'S new! It's different! It's excitingly better—Marvelous, the Matched Makeup, keyed to the color of your eyes. For nature and science have combined in this improved, modern way to key your beauty to your true type, to know what color of rouge, what color of lipstick, what powder and eye shadow and mascara will blend together and make you look your loveliest.

You've wanted to know, haven't you? Women have asked for a sure makeup guide for years. And now the secret's simple.

For Nature has given you a certain key to your beauty, a color that never changes, a personality color, the color of your eyes.

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have keyed a complete makeup ensemble to this color so distinctly your own, in harmonizing, flattering shades of face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara.

Wear Marvelous, the Matched Makeup, and your powder belongs with your complexion, your rouge blends subtly with your powder, your

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Marvelous, the Matched Makeup, has been tested on blondes, on brunettes, on redheads, tried by girls with fresh young faces, women of maturity and distinction.

They are made over, transformed, immediately lovely. Faces stand forth in radiant new beauty, complete color symphony. Women are delighted, enthusiastic. Beauty and fashion authorities, artists, witness the makeup tests, see the startling improvement, give this method of makeup selection their professional approval.

Discover new beauty for yourself. The drug or department store nearest you has Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup... made and guaranteed for purity by the world-famous house of Richard Hudnut.

Put an end to mixed-up makeup... buy today the five essentials in Marvelous Matched Makeup for your type (only 55¢ for each standard full size package)... or start with any one and begin to build your ensemble of this new makeup—that matches.

Ask for Dresden type, if your eyes are blue; for Patrician type, if your eyes are gray; for Parisian type, if your eyes are brown; for Continental type, if your eyes are hazel.

Key your makeup to the beauty of your eyes—hear men tell you (they will), "You're gorgeous tonight!"

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"Magnificent," says Russell Markert, Associate Producer, Radio City Music Hall. "The Dockettes are lovely in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. I know now that a face, like a stage setting, like a costume, is at its best when in color harmony."



"Distinctive," says famous artist, Sir W. B. "The other day I painted pictures of four very different, very lovely girls. Each was beautiful, distinctive... for each one was wearing Marvelous Matched Makeup, keyed to the color of her eyes!"



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"Correct," says Esther Lauman, fashion authority. "Every woman knows that to be well dressed, she must wear harmonizing colors. That's why any woman should look better in makeup that matches her eyes." Keyed to her eyes.



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For a limited period, your local drug or department store is featuring at 55¢ a \$1.00-value Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—containing junior sizes of harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara... keyed to the color of your eyes. Or send 55¢ direct to Richard Hudnut, Fifth Avenue, New York City, stating whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown, or hazel, and we'll mail your kit to you.

MARVELOUS The Eye-Matched MAKEUP
by RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON, TORONTO, BUENOS AIRES, MEXICO CITY, BERLIN, BARCELONA, BUDAPEST, CAPE TOWN, SYDNEY, SHANGHAI, RIO DE JANEIRO, HAVANA, BUCHAREST, VIENNA, AMSTERDAM

Preserving the House of the World's Biggest Liar

The Little German Town Where the Famous Baron Munchausen Lived and Told His Immortal Yarns, Buys His Home as a Memorial to His Fame



The Baron Imitates Jonah.



The Baron's Tale of Whipping the Fox Out of His Skin.



How the Baron Scooped Over the Enemy's Camp by Riding on a Cannon-Ball.

How the Baron, Chased by a Lion Into the Jaws of a Crocodile, Made Them Destroy Each Other.

THE little town of Bodenwerder, on the River Weser in Germany, has just decided to honor its most famous citizen and the world's greatest liar, Baron Munchausen, whose body lies in the village churchyard.

The town council has bought the house where Karl Friedrich Hieronymus, Baron Munchausen, was born, and where he died 77 years later after a lifetime of honest adventure and dishonest story-telling, magnifying his experiences. The house, which is called the "Lying Villa," will be used as the Mayor's office and two rooms will be set aside as a museum.

Few persons are aware that Baron Munchausen ever existed and think that his name as the author of tall stories was merely fictitious. The original stories were published without the Baron's consent by Erich Raspe, a disreputable, travelling literary agent who could not be caught. But the Baron really lived.

Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchausen, a member of an ancient noble family, was born at Bodenwerder, on May 11, 1720. He served as an officer in the Russian army, a common practice for adventurous young Germans.

The Baron was a jovial character who loved company, drinking, story-telling and hunting. He kept open house and used to entertain his guests with stories of his remarkable adventures in strange and savage lands. They were embellished with extravagant lies which gave them a peculiar humor of their own. A smile never crossed his face as he told them.

There was once a discussion as to which was the best of the Baron's stories. The prize was awarded to this story of a lion hunt, when he was chased by the lion.

"I tried to escape, but that only added (if addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right was the piece of water and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me.

"I lay sometime in a stupor which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part

Above—The "Lying Villa," the Baron's Home at Bodenwerder, Where He Caroused With His Friends and Told His Stories.



The Picturesque Little Village of Bodenwerder, Showing in the Center the Church Where Baron Munchausen Was Secretly Buried, and Dug Up Years Later, as Fresh as Any of His Yarns.

of me every moment; after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded; after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look around, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! The head of the one stuck in the throat of the other.

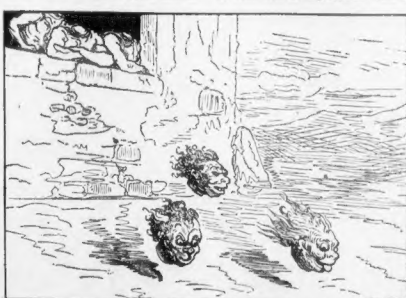
"I fortunately recollected my sword, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile and de-

stroyed him by suffocation."

Another story which delighted his hearers was that, when bathing, he was swallowed by a huge fish, which presently was harpooned by some fishermen. They hauled the fish out, and, as Munchausen relates:

"They almost spit their sides with laughing at hearing a human voice issue from a fish and at seeing a naked man emerge from his body."

In another account of his exploits the Baron tells about the time when he was swallowed by a huge fish, which presently was harpooned by some fishermen. He knew that, if he rode in on his beloved horse, "Lithuanian," he would be captured and hanged as a spy, so when one of the big guns was fired he jumped on the cannon-ball and rode over to do his scouting. He began to reflect that he would still be captured as when he



The Munchausen Description of the Inhabitants of the Moon, Who Take Off Their Heads and Send Them Down into the Street to Hear the News.

On Left—Baron Hieronymus Munchausen, World's Most Famous Liar. From an Old Drawing.

Later, his horse and he were jumping across a lake. He says: "I found it was much larger than I had imagined. So I at once turned back in the middle of my leap, and returned for a stronger spring. The second time, however, I again took off badly, and fell in up to my neck. I should, beyond any doubt, have come to an untimely end, had I not by the force of my unaided arm, lifted myself up by my pig-tail, together with my horse."

His horse had a bad time of it once when it was cut in two, unknown to the Baron, by the falling portcullis of a besieged town as the Baron rode in. The Baron remained ignorant of the fact until he reached a fountain in the midst of the city. The horse kept on drinking without satisfying his thirst, and then the Baron discovered the water was all running away because the hind part of the horse was missing.

The Baron also solved the problem of flying. One day he was fishing for ducks with a piece of fat on the end of a long string. The fat was so oily that it passed right through the first duck and was quickly swallowed up by the second. This happened again until the Baron had a whole flock on the end of his string. One of the ducks started to fly, others followed, and soon all were flying, carrying the Baron along.

The Baron related that he went out hunting one day and saw a fine black fox. Unfortunately he had no bullets so he put a spike-nail in his gun. When it was fired it pinned the tail of the fox to a nearby tree. The Baron then flung the fox until the beast actually jumped out of its skin and ran away, leaving the valuable skin to the Baron.

"In the moon," the Baron says, "where persons of distinction want to know what the lower orders are about, they do not go and look for them. On the contrary, they stay at home—that is to say, their bodies do. They send their heads into the street to see what is going on. When the information has been obtained, back comes the head."

As the Baron in life could hardly make people believe their ears, in death he could hardly make them believe their eyes. He was secretly buried, and years later when he was dug up for reinterment, his body was found to be in a state of perfect preservation. It was still the incredible Munchausen.

The Unforgettable Invention of the Horse That Was Cut in Half.

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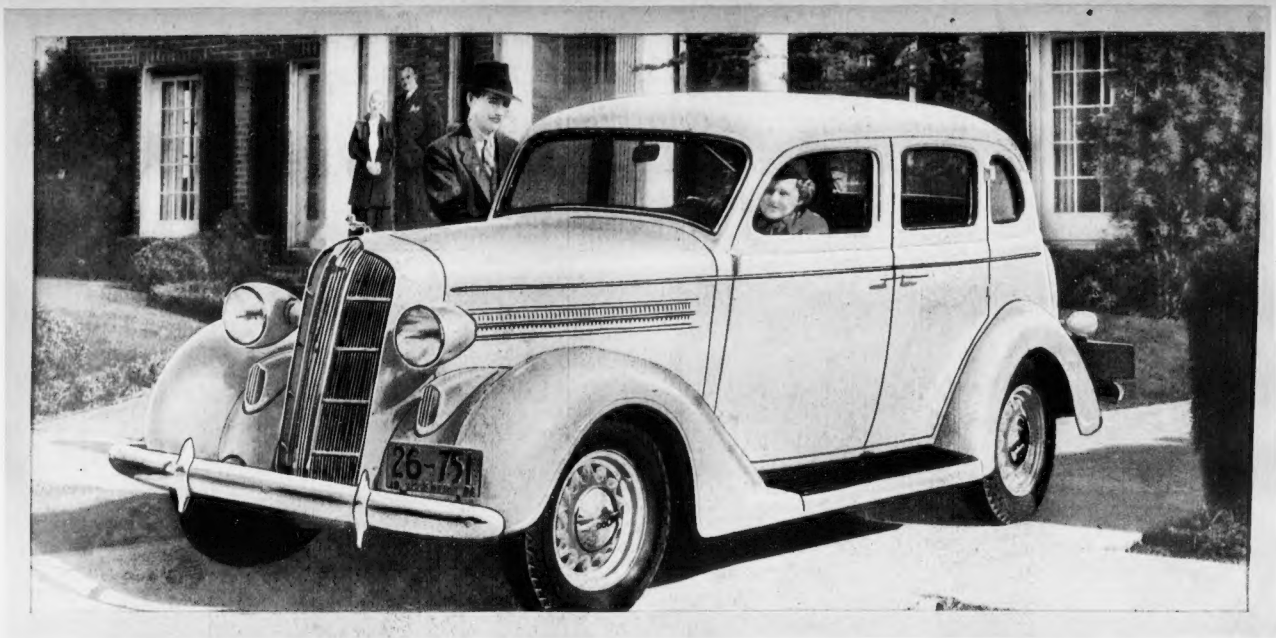
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How the Baron Solved the Problem of Flying.



How the Baron Lifted His Horse and Himself Up by His Pigtail.

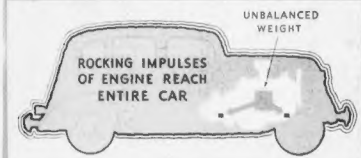


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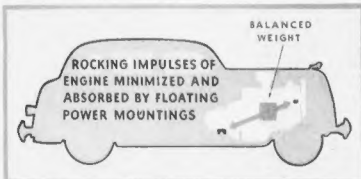


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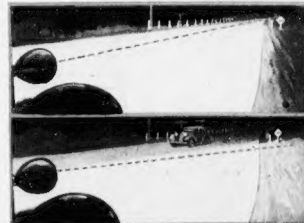
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... there isn't another car on the market near the Dodge price that can give the years of dependable, inexpensive service Dodge gives...

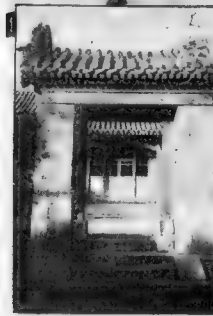


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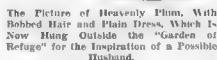
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Rescued From the River, She Draws Them Through the “Door of Hope,” Into the “Garden of Refuge,” Peiping’s Regeneration Plant, Where They Are Rebuilt Into Desirable Housewives

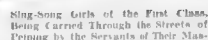


The "Gate of Hope" in the "Garden of Refuge and Protection" at Peiping, Through Which Steadily Increasing Numbers of the Unfortunate Girls Are Passing to Regeneration.

Anyway, Heavenly Plum had to find a job right then and there. She walked through the great Chien Men Gate along the lane of "flower houses." Mostly men walked that lane, exam-



Heard.



"And while I live, I will be your wife."

	Least time	Least cost	Least time and cost
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THE Del Monte VARIETY SHOW

A GALAXY OF OLD FAVORITES ★ NEW STARS
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★ STARRING ★

★
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
DEL MONTE FRUITS
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PINEAPPLE • PARS
and a distinguished cast

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THE CELEBRATED
DEL MONTE
VEGETABLE FAMILY

★
THE 3 SPARKLING
DEL MONTE JUICES

★
DEL MONTE
THE GREAT COFFEE



WATCH YOUR GROCER'S WINDOWS *this week*

It's a *real* variety show. And some grocer near you is "stage manager!"

On his shelves and in his windows this month, you'll find an all-star cast of DEL MONTE Foods—specially featured in one gorgeous ensemble.

And what headliners! DEL MONTE Peaches—good for an encore, any time! DEL MONTE Pineapple—big, thick slices from the No. 2½

can, sure to win applause. DEL MONTE Pars, too—of the distinguished Bartlett family.

All of them ready to "steal the show."

But don't stop with these big "stars." Find out *all* the DEL MONTE Foods your grocer is offering this month. Give the whole DEL MONTE troupe of menu-helpers a chance to do its great "variety act" on your table. And raise the curtain on better meals!

to follow these?

Will other low-priced cars in the future have the high-priced engineering features and the super safety of the new LaFayette and Nash "400"? Won't owners of other low-priced cars some day demand the extra headroom and seating capacity now found only in Nash, LaFayette and higher-priced cars?



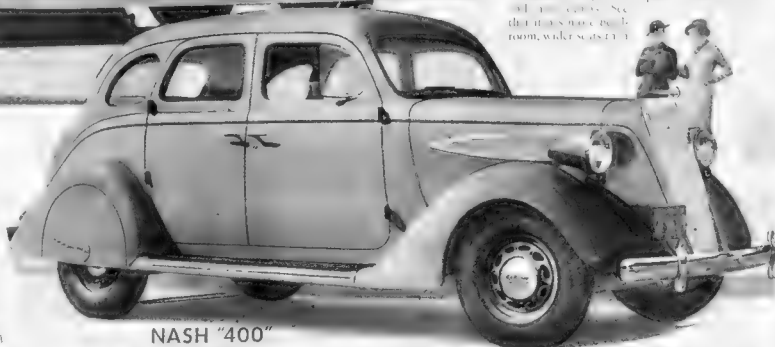
Sensational Gas-Saving
CRUISING GEAR
brought to lowest-price fields
by Nash and LaFayette!

by Nash and Lafayette

● The Nash Automatic Cruising Gear. A new thrill in motoring! One of the most important contributions to automobile efficiency in years! Available for the first time to buyers of the lower priced cars on as low as \$400 and Lafayette at only \$100 extra cost.

And the Cruising Gear revolutionizes fourth gear. It gives you an entirely new kind of ride sensation. At speeds above 45 m.p.h. it holds you moving smoothly. And reduced about 15 m.p.h. is just a minimum. And greater at high speeds is more in rpm and oil consumption. What a difference! With the Automatic Cruising Gear on any engine, is increased as much as 25 m.p.h. gasoline mileage is increased as much as 40%. The Cruising Gear brings mileage as much as 40%.

You savings that more than equal its slight extra cost!



NASH "400"
\$665

Without regard to present profits, Nash is out to win America—our future—our large share of the low-priced car business on value alone.

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Don't let the low word for this. See for yourself that the new 1986 Ford Econoline is the ONLY car in the lowest price field with such high-priced engineering features as seven-bearing crankshaft, complete full-pressure lubrication, and more. See that it has no extra bed room, water seats and

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CONVERTING MONTHLY PAYMENTS
TO ANnuAL PAYMENT PLAN

NASH AND LA FAYETTE

"Out to Win America On Value Alone!"

In Which a Boy and a Girl and a Pirate's Treasure Make an Interesting Love Story. Complete in This Issue.

The sun-dial, unlike Cynthia, was an aged and cynical thing. It stood in a sunny clearing among the oaks, and all day long for centuries of cloudless hours it had told the time more or less correctly. Here was one clock that could

that he doesn't like Roger, he never will. If he forbids you to marry Roger and you do it anyhow, he will cut you off with a very cheerful precision. He may leave a trust fund for your children, but he will cut himself out of it. If Roger will never touch it, I don't know what he can do.

She laughed. "Worse. Father is coming to my office tomorrow."

I said nothing of the sort "sared Cynthia
Oh, well, perhaps you just intimated it. But your
meaning was clear"

(Continued on Page 24)

correctly. Here was one clock that could

Oh, well, perhaps you just intimated it. But your meaning was clear."

(Continued on Page 24) 15

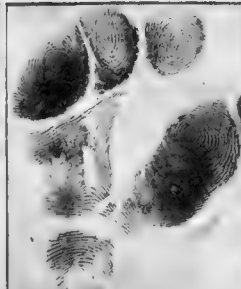
News Secrets of The Sureté, The French D



One of the Chinese Cryptograms; the Glett Skull Which Was Used as a Signature, and Ho Ping Wu's Fingerprints as Found on One of the Cryptograms.



PREFECTURE DE POLICE
LABORATOIRE
POLICE TECHNIQUE



Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly Paris, and Associate of the Far More Striking Examples of the Together With Photographs

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is well known to the readers of The American Weekly. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Sureté (French Detective Police), the foremost of all modern scientific detectives. Once more Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and in this new series now gives further examples of how the unerring instruments of science in the hands of highly-trained men often uncover the most carefully concealed trails of criminals and clear up the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records. Some of the details have been set forth in dramatic form and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."

CHAPTER III.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe
Former Assistant of the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Sureté (French Detective Police)
(Continued from Last Sunday)

BERTILLON looked quizzically at the big spray of lilac I had placed on his table.

"Flowers—by Jove!" he laughed. "In this cauldron of sin! I don't like to seem ungrateful—but they merely remind me that we are going to be pretty busy soon! Spring always brings a recrudescence of crime."

I looked my disgust and annoyance.

"Really, Sir, you need not have reminded me that flowers and crime so often go hand in hand—I hate to think of that. Besides—we have no case for the moment—have we?"

"Wrong again! A new case is just coming along. I am expecting an old friend, one of the most charming women in Paris." And he pointed with a smile to a picture on his desk which I had often admired.

"Madame Lorrain is visiting you?" I explained.

"Is she in trouble?"

My chief shrugged his shoulders: "I am afraid so! Her life has been wretched since she married Captain Lorrain. I don't like the fellow—and that's a fact! He gets on my nerves so much I have given up calling on him lately. The man's obsessed by some guilty secret."

"He has a beastly habit of abruptly twisting his head round and listening intently; or else he looks over his shoulder suddenly, with eyes that shine with fear like an animal's. One would think he's eternally afraid of a knife in his back. Besides, even his wife doesn't know for certain how he made his money—perhaps it's just as well."

"He was in the merchant service—wasn't he?" I asked.

Bertillon nodded: "Oh yes—started as a youngster out East with his own trading schooner. Got mixed up with a wealthy mandarin's daughter and carried her off to his ship. I've heard he married her at Singapore. How he managed to arrange matters with the father I can't imagine, but he eventually did, for when he became mate and finally skipper of a big steamship, he continued to trade in the Far East, and I've been told that he actually made the mandarin's house his headquarters when on shore leave."

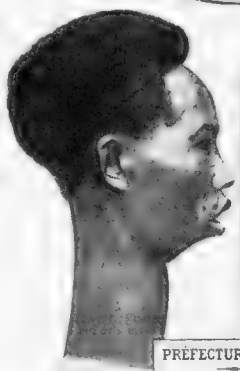
"A tidy business altogether. The Chinaman was found murdered just before Lorrain retired. No one knew what became of all his gold—he was reputed immensely rich—nor what became of his daughter, the girl I told you of the nettle."

When Captain Lorrain married my friend Rita, he put himself down on the register as a widower.

"I made some inquiries at the time, and so far as I could gather his Chinese wife died during a cholera epidemic at a house they had up the Yellow River which was once the mandarin's. Captain Lorrain lived out there so long that he was more than half-Chinese himself. I've heard he talks the lingo like a native. The only time he's ever let slip anything of his past was when he was delicious one with malaria. Then he babbled all the time of—someone from whom he had to hide—someone he called Goose Neck. It's either the name of a man or of a secret society, and he's scared to death of this thing. Bah—did you ever



Mme. Rita Lorrain.



Police Photograph of the "Goose Neck."



Police Photograph of the "Ape-Man."

hear of such a thing? Fancy running away from a—Goose Neck!"

"Hullo! Here's Rita—poor thing—I wonder what's wrong? Pull that big chair forward and then ask the canteen to send up a bottle of wine and some sweet cakes."

I guessed this last was just a pretext to get rid of me whilst he greeted the lady, for whom I well knew he cherished a very tender regard. Despite her pillar and evident agitation, Madame Lorrain was unquestionably a beautiful woman, and the picture was only a faint presentment of the living. The mother was a Cuban I knew, and her soft languorous brown eyes, shaded by long silken lashes, were part of this Southern inheritance. A latent wildness about the mouth merely enhanced the loveliness of her perfect face, framed in a cloud of copper-tinted silken hair.

"You've never discovered the cause of his unpleasant habit of suddenly glancing over his shoulder, nor why he's always listening—God knows for what sinister voice from the past—even when in the midst of his friends?" Bertillon was saying, as I slipped noiselessly into my corner again.

The woman shook her head sadly: "I daren't ask; besides what would be the use? His past is taboo even for me. He confides in me up to a point—but there are some pages of his life—and she shivered involuntarily.

"I'm used to those queer mannerisms now, although they frightened me at first. It's his evident fear of the thing he calls the Goose Neck that shakes me. It's like the terror of a child

that sounded like—the Ape—the Ape!"

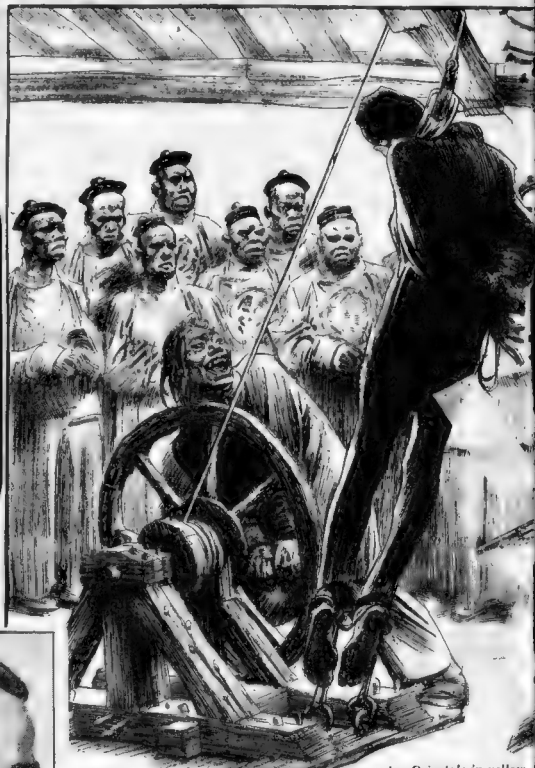
"You know his Chinese body-servant John used to be a professional wrestler—and what is it they have in China?—oh yes, a hatchet man. Well, often he talks pidgeon with John, forgetting that I understand it. Thus I've heard him discussing the eternal Goose Neck, and lately as I said, the Ape. Oh, it's dreadful! What can it mean? Are they just nicknames or what? Those two have begun to haunt my dreams. I see them in all sorts of shapes. Then came the mysterious epidemic of stabbings—you never found out who did it?" she broke off to ask.

It was Bertillon's turn to shake his head: "No—those crimes have remained an absolute mystery. The men, Orientals most of them, were stabbed in public places in full daylight, and no one saw it done. We never got the least clue. One I remember was killed in the Carlton tea-rooms during the busiest hour. Yet not a soul saw the blow struck, nor have we the least idea who the assassin may have been. But what in Heaven's name have those mysterious crimes to do with Captain Jacques Lorrain?"

"It sounds awful the way you put it—nothing I hope. But I fear he was mixed up with a bad crowd whilst out East. All I can say is that since he read about these murders he's been like a man haunted. He jumps at the least unexpected sound at night, springing out of bed to run to the window and stare fearfully into the garden."

"You don't think it's just nerves, that he's suffering from a form of acute neurasthenia—the mania of persecution?"

"I've tried to believe that too, but there are



ten Orientals in yellow in the floor, a rope run made me feel sick—the ropes, to give us some idea of what

some queer things have happened these last few days which mere nerves will not explain."

"Tell me—slowly and clearly, omitting no tiniest detail."

"Well, it started one morning at breakfast. Jacques, who seemed quite cheerful for once, had picked up the pile of letters beside his plate as he sat down, mostly bills they were, and I was just serving him, when he uttered a terrible cry and I saw a sheet of paper flutter from his fingers to the carpet."

"He was so shaken that he let me stoop and pick it up. It was a half-sheet of some coarse white paper, having on one side the picture of a strangely-shaped plant, or flower. Nothing else, although I turned it over and examined both sides carefully, even holding it up to the light."

"Just a flower you say—and what manner of flower?"

"I'll show you in a minute. Well, of course, I asked Jacques what was wrong, but he seemed not to hear me. He was staring with lack-lustre eyes right through me, mumbling something about 'the Chinese stick—the Chinese stick!' At last that's how it sounded."

"Of course I asked him what he meant a what the flower was, but he put me off a vague, disconnected phrases. He was obviously ill and quite incoherent for a time, when came round a bit he pretended he hadn't a paper with the flower—he'd felt a sudor very severe pain in the heart, he said."

"Are you sure there was no letter with this drawing?"

"Quite sure. The envelope was of the ordinary kind, not even double, with the Marseille postmark and a typed address, quite a common place envelope."

"I see—and what became of the paper?"

"He looked it carefully away in his desk, but Madame Lorrain reddened and looked confused a moment; then with a pathetic smile:

"I found a key that fits his desk," she confessed; and gathering courage from Bertillon's sympathetic expression: "After all, it's natural, isn't it. I should want to know what's tormenting my husband so. Well, I opened his desk while

Detective Police

of the Police Laboratories of
nous Dr. Bertillon, Gives Some
Scientific Detection of Crime,
From the Official Records



"At Bertillon's signal, a rush was made for the door, and as it crashed inward before our onslaught we scattered like a swarm of angry bees along the narrow corridors and up and down the pick-dark stairs."

"We were just in time. Guided by the sobbing cry which had now become continuous, we burst into a spacious cellar in which were gathered some of the crowd as one of them slowly turned a huge wheel and taunted the others to do with their latest victim."

he was asleep the next day, and removed the picture, putting a plain piece of paper into the envelope in its stead. Here it is—I brought it for you to examine."

She handed my chief a square of Chinese rice-paper, having in the center a vividly colored flowering plant, looking like the tentacles of an octopus studded with vermilion blooms. Bertillon studied the picture thoughtfully, scrutinizing both sides of the paper with his lens and finally holding it against the lamp bulb. The result did not seem very satisfactory.

"Has he noticed—did he ask you what became of this, or mention it in any way? No—That's queer! Have there been any more of these things?"

Again the woman shook her head. "Not exactly," she replied. "But I found these in his waste-paper basket about a week ago."

So saying she laid a number of torn and charred scraps of paper before my chief. He quickly arranged them into some sort of order as though it were a jigsaw puzzle; bending over his shoulder I could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Aha—here's a presentment of the things that frightened him so," my chief said. "No wonder—see: a yellow circle with Chinese ideographs. Above to the left is a most hideous ape-face, and to the right—what the devil is it? B-r-r—what a monstrous creature. That's the Goose Neck I imagine. Finally at the bottom we have a skull with a cleft forehead—and—and a stick—just an ordinary malacca."

"Might be a sword-stick," I hazarded. "H-m-m—yes—perhaps! There's a bit missing unfortunately. Well, we shall have to get these symbols translated."

He looked questioningly at me, but I shook my head.

"I can't read it. The top sign is obedience I know—and there's also the figure for—Good Lord! The Sa Tiam Kongsi again!"

"What—that murderous organization? I thought we'd smashed it up?"

"You'll never do that entirely, Sir! It makes things a bit clearer though. The ape-face, that long-necked horror and the skull are probably



The Famous Fingerprint Chart and Records Department of the Paris Surete Where 9,000,000 Fingerprint Charts Are Classified So That Any One Can Be Found in 15 Minutes.

symbolical figures of suffering, torture and death. Maybe they're part of a ritual—demons of the underworld you know. Evidently Lorrain's run foul of a Chinese secret society. Maybe he is—or was—a member, an influential member. Which would explain why his father-in-law, although a mandarin, didn't have the captain slain between two planks or some such gentle plianter. Well, we know at least that Goose Neck is only a symbol."

"You are wrong, quite wrong. Madame Lorrain said to me with a wan, pale smile. 'Those horrors are not symbols. They are real, live entities. I have seen them.'"

"What?" Bertillon cried sharply and whistled, hastily apologizing after-

wards. "Tell me all, Rita, take your time—this is more grisly than I imagined. Do you mean these ghastly faces belong to humans?"

The woman shivered and turned a lid grey color; then: Oh—it all sounds so vague and impossible, and yet it's dreadfully real. Since these papers came, Jacques has been absolutely haunted. He is terrified of his own shadow, and I fear, not without reason.

"Someone has been prowling about the garden every night, and once the face of a big ape—that was yet a man—was pressed against the sitting-room window. When I went and usual to close the curtains, I caught the gleam of wicked, beady eyes that stared malevolently into mine. For a moment they held me spellbound."

"Then I saw the whole face and screamed, and at my shriek Jacques came running, pistol in hand—he sleeps with it hanging from his wrist. When I told him what I had seen, his mouth fell open. I thought he would collapse and begin to scream too. But he managed to drag me back into the passage and slammed the door."

"Why didn't you shoot?" I asked him, and he looked at me with such absolute horror in his eyes. I felt sick. "I dare't," he answered, "it's not mortal. Rita—bullets can't hurt it."

"After that I knew it would be useless to hope for energetic action from him. Nevertheless the next morning I saw him searching the flower bed under the window for footprints. And John, his servant, said that he had washed away some queer chalk marks on the back door. Evidently the ape-man had left a message there. Faint traces remained still where the paint had been scratched, and I gathered the impression that it had been another of those horrible flowers."

"I don't know why I counted them, but I saw there had been a lot more blooms than on the one you have. It was subconscious I suppose, because I had been reading your book about secret writings. It struck me that the number and the position of the blossoms may have a meaning."

"Spied it, Rita! By Jove—yes, I believe you're right. Unfortunately that kind of cryptogram cannot be solved unless you have a number of

them. One is not enough. Well—and then?"

"Since Jacques was completely cowed, and useless, I went and bought a big dog, an Alsatian. Poor thing, it was murdered the next day—murdered you hear, stabbed in the heart, though how such a big, fierce dog could be stabbed—Well, that made me angry, and I went at once and bought a pistol."

"I returned from town just after dusk, and as I opened the gate I was nearly knocked down by the other creature—I could not call it a man—I mean the Goose Neck. Oh, awful, awful! It actually had a long, long neck that made me instantly think of a goose. But oh, the face! It was that of a wicked youngish-old child, so wicked, so evil—the mere sight of it robbed me of the power to act."

"Surely, surely, Rita, you are exaggerating! You have been brooding too much. The words and your fear—fear is contagious you know—have so jangled your nerves that you've had waking nightmares. Believe me, you imagined it all." Despite the gentle words the woman flushed angrily.

"You mean I'm mad—it's nicely put, but that's your idea. You should know me better, Alphonse. I am not the neurotic type, my nerves are still firm. I assure you I've never seen anything to approach the horror of this weird creature, the Goose Neck. It was just coming out of the gate and I knocked right into it before I saw what it was. The thing looked at me with eyes like muddy water, gave a metallic clucking scream just like a goose, and ran with a queer rolling gait up the road."

"It was gone in a moment, whilst I sat down on the stone parapet—sick, physically sick—everything spun about me, and the pungent, musky smell of the creature was so awful, I cried as I lay with pain."

"Did you tell your husband?"

"What was the use? He must have seen the encounter. Perhaps he'd had a message from the thing, for I caught a glimpse of Jacques lurking behind a curtain. Yet he made no attempt to help me, nor did he mention the matter when at last I managed to stagger into the house. It was John helped me upstairs, and he was trembling so much also it only made me feel worse."

"Tell me, oh tell me, Alphonse, what does it all mean? Is Jacques menaced by demons from the pit? I'll swear they're not human—no—not human! Yet they go about in the light of day right here in Paris, and defy the police it would seem. Jacques is quite helpless, so unless you help me—"

"There, there, Rita, you are hardly fair—you're overwrought. Leave it to me. Ugly they may be, but they're human enough. I'll soon solve the riddle, and lay them by the heels. Some of my men shall watch your house from now on. They'll see you are not bothered any more. Here, take this whistle, sound it from your window any time, day or night, if you need help. You have the telephone too, haven't you? All right—call me up whenever you want me. Now, good-by, and don't worry any more! I'm going to work on these pictures and symbols. They'll probably give us the key to the puzzle."

"But you've not said what you think it all means!" the woman complained, rising and wrapping her cloak about her.

"I'm afraid your husband got mixed up with



The Strange Octopus Flowering Plant Which Was Used for Hiding the Cryptogram Messages.

a Chinese secret society in his youth. He's broken some oath—or rule—or perhaps they are merely trying to terrorize him in order to squeeze money out of him. While married to that Chinese woman he had become half a Chinese himself you know. When she died he broke away; they'll not forgive that easily. Also he's made money and they'll probably try to blackmail him. But you can leave things to me now."

The moment the woman had gone Bertillon sent for Inspector Rousseau and Detective Francois Lavallois and explained matters to them.

"I don't know how urgent it is," he said "and I don't understand this monkey-face and goose-neck business. But there's one thing certain. Captain Lorrain has completely lost his nerve. It behooves us therefore to see he comes to no harm."

"I'll tell you something: I honestly believe we are on the track of those un-aided slabbings and the murder of the Japanese statesman, at last. It's serious, very serious; Captain Lorrain is in grave danger while those assassins are free—his wife should have come to us sooner. I'd tell you to arrest anyone you catch hanging about near his house, only we'd lose all chance of getting the indispensable evidence. Follow these creatures, however, and for Heaven's sake don't let 'em give you the slip."

"What's the 'Chinese stick?' Rousseau growled suddenly, as Bertillon paused.

"By Jove—I'd forgotten about that. Some form of torture perhaps. Let's get busy—I'm going to work on this cryptogram. Go at once to the house with Rousseau," he added turning to me "Francis will relieve you at dawn. See to it that they don't spot you, though, or they'll take fright. We are dealing with Orientals, remember; they'll be up to every trick."

Captain Lorrain's house, "Les Lauriers," was on the outskirts of Neuilly, pretty, but in view of what had happened somewhat isolated, standing as it did in spacious grounds and shut off from the neighbors by a high wall.

There was a summer-house in the garden which would hide and shelter us, and there we would spend the night taking it in turn to keep the rounds every half-hour. The time passed busily enough; the inmates had evidently been early and long before midnight all was dark and silent.

"Confound it—I wish I could smoke," Rousseau growled close to my ear as one o'clock struck with no sign yet of the nightly prowler. Miss Lorrain had declared always came. "Well, we can at least drink the brandy I've brought. If you are—be careful not to—hulloa!—that's the bird's signal!" as an owl hooted from somewhere nearby from Rousseau's unofficial police assistant.

"He's up a tree, the other side of the road! That call means something's coming. S-s-s-s!" The gate had not moved, yet suddenly I heard a soft pad-pad on the gravel path and peeping from the half-open door, saw a dim, crooked figure gliding furtively round the house.

"I'm hanged if it doesn't look like friend Goose Neck himself!" Rousseau breathed in my ear. "Great Heaven! Did you ever see a more monstrous? A giraffe's neck and a monkey's head to top it. No wonder they were scared of him. It'd scare me if I didn't not know it. What's the fellow up to? Lord, look at those gorilla arms and the short, crooked legs!"

I gripped my friend's shoulder to enjoin silence as the thing uttered a queer, plaintive call, repeated the cry of the bird—then the bird's eye of Indo-China. Again the sweetly-sad call arose, then a window on the first floor was gently and cautiously opened and Captain Lorrain in pajamas and dressing gown, peeped out into the night.

Instantly the nocturnal visitor stretched his grotesque neck as a tortoise would—up and up like some fantastic puppet, waving his hands in strange, archaic gestures; evidently some kind of sign language which the captain understood.

(Continued on Page 20)

TEXAS

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS



TEXAS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS
Fiestas Pageants & Expositions
The Texas Centennial Celebration is a grand event celebrating the 100th anniversary of Texas becoming a state. It features a variety of pageants, expositions, and cultural events throughout the state.

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Barber Finds Old Book in Trunk Sells It for \$4000

A small town barber discovered an old book in a trunk belonging to a customer. The book, titled "The Texas Centennial Celebration," was a rare edition from 1900. The barber, who had been using the book as a reference, decided to sell it. He found a buyer for \$4000. The book was a valuable historical document, detailing the events and pageants of the Texas Centennial Celebration.

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Sea Story by Sinclair Gluck

Sketches of Pleading Chapters



"I Shall Do as I Please," Celia's Voice Fell. "Anyhow, I Don't Care Much—What Happens, Good Night!"

"I had very much more for that," he muttered. "Anyhow, I Don't Care Much—What Happens, Good Night!"

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Garrett coughed and then yawned wearily. "I'd rather not say because I've no proof."

"Say it," he said. "I have any suspicion, it's a just instinct personal dislike. I won't mention names on a hunch like that. I don't say it is Linklater I don't like."

"But Linklater hate ver under or over with him."

"No, if you mean Mr. Osterhout. He took care of the matter almost like a child. I say they liked each other."

"Aw, nuts!" said Fallon. "All right, that's all."

Garrett unlocked the door to let Vane out.

"All you go in your room and stay there," he said.

Vane leaned swiftly down to him. "Least of all tonight!" he whispered, and slipped out of sight in the mist.

"Guess you was right about drawing down on the job," muttered Fallon as Garrett rejoined him. "I burn up kinda easy. Asks that Mallow in here, what's it?"

Mallow took the chair offered him, but poked on the edge of it, looking stuffy as if at ease.

"Soup out of it," Fallon grinned. "You wasn't even here last night. I wanna ask you a couple questions, is all?"

"Very well. Anything I can answer?" Mallow stole a nervous glance about the famous workshop.

"It's about this Linklater," Fallon explained. "Got any reason to suspect him of this murder?"

Mallow shook his head. "Of course, I wasn't here, but he seemed to sort of cling to Mr. Osterhout."

Linklater didn't have no motive—hidden hate—or money he'd got. "Nothin' like that?"

"Why, Mr. Osterhout left him some money, but—"

"How much?" Fallon pounced. "I think it was twenty thousand—a real fund. Mr. Osterhout discussed his will with me. I witnessed it."

Fallon rubbed his knees in triumph. "Thanks," he purred. "That's all."

Mallow left the workshop with Garrett at his heels.

When Garrett returned from letting Mallow into the house, Fallon eyed him with hard relish. "Now for the doc!" he gloated.

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The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. "The Truth About Soap Shampoos"

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AND IN 15 MINUTES I'M SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY!

BUT STRANGE TO SAY, HERB BELL PUT ON THE GREATEST RADIO SHOW OF HIS LIFE!

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I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO LET THE CUSTOMERS DOWN TONIGHT. THESE ALL-DAY REHEARSALS SEEM TO TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF ME.

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I KNOW, DARLING, I'M TIRED, TOO. LET'S RELAX. LET'S GO DOWN AND HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE—I'LL PICK YOU UP.

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I'M SO GLAD YOU DO, DEAR, AND THIS COFFEE'S SO RICH AND SMOOTH! I'LL ASK THE MANAGER WHAT KIND IT IS.

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IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE, MRS. BELL, WE SERVE IT BECAUSE IT'S A BLEND OF FINER COFFEES—AND IT REALLY IS ROASTER-FRESH!

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WHITE BANNERS by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS A Powerful Novel by the author of "GREEN LIGHT"

Into the life of a harassed school-teacher and his wife comes Hannah, a mysterious, miracle-working stranger...she can work miracles in your life if you accept her heartening philosophy. LLOYD C. DOUGLAS gave the world a needed message in "The Magnificent Obsession." He gave another vital message in "Green Light," which COSMOPOLITAN first published. For almost a year in book form it led all best-sellers. Fascinating and inspiring is his new novel "White Banners." Begin it in April COSMOPOLITAN.

RUFUS KING's "The Case of the Constant God," a complete book-length novel, is a baffling crime story by a master of mystery. Who was the corpse in the coupe? STEPHEN VINCENT BENET's complete short novel, "Princess Pauper," is an engrossing story of a girl who risked 45 million dollars for happiness.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, greatest living master of the short story, is here. ARTHUR BRISBANE, in "Man's World," has an important message for young men who want jobs and success. Hurry and get April COSMOPOLITAN. It's a sellout.

One of the striking illustrations in Cosmopolitan—depicting "The Case of the Constant God."



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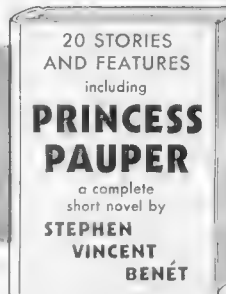
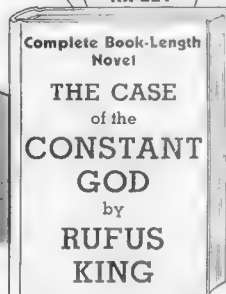
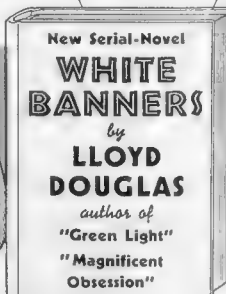
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WHY—oh why!—we'll otherwise doable gas-temen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a damned-up pipe? The only plausible reasons that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-kept mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke mild and small sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make a good pipe out of a pipe. Write for copy to: Sir Walter Raleigh, P.O. Box 100, New York, N.Y. 10108. (New York, N.Y. 10108.)

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygiene and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

"SUDDEN DEATH"



"SUDDEN DEATH" walks the scene at night as well as during the day. It's a book that's been around since the night I could see my name in the title, says Gordon M. Thompson.

"Two cars came back and saw me up at night. I was alone. I paid on attention and I was out ten seconds from eleven. At this last night I lived alone and the jaws of death, ambulance and paramedics out of their 'maniac' maniacism, ditch.

I never walk at night any more without my Eveready flashlight. I've really batteries. You know, if you drive a car that it mighty had to



TEACH'S TREASURE

(Continued from Page 15)

Reed's arrival the hole had been forgotten. "I'll fill it up now," Roger said. "Join you later on the pier."

Roger cursed the sun-dial again in the uncertain light from the house, he spaded back toward the sun-dial. It was a small hole, but it was a hole. "I'll throw it down the pier," he said.

Later when he joined Cynthia and her father at the end of the pier in the starlight, he was for a long time absorbed in memories of the hole that filled his thoughts. He sat with them on the bench in the raised enclosure, and they watched the phosphorescent, shimmering of the water against the pier, and the twinkling of the stars overhead, and the reflection of the light from the sun-dial on the water. He was a man of the sea, and he was a man of the sun-dial.

Mr. Reed said to Roger: "You're not too sure at all about falling into that hole, is it?"

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By Seward Trent

to go up to the house with me." Cynthia jumped up suddenly and dashed at her nose and eyes with a handkerchief. "Yes, I do," she cried. "I'm going to get Curtis Wyman on the telephone right now, and tell him to come down and get me. He'll have me. He wants me! And you can see—don't you see—that I don't have to depend on you, either of you."

Having said which she dashed up the pier with Roger in dashed pursuit.

AUNT CORA did not know what it was all about at first, but she quickly guessed that the girl was running away from the pier. She dashed up the pier, and she dashed up the pier.

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Corns

Lift Off—No Pain
Hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, and calluses lift right off! You'll laugh—it is so easy and doesn't hurt a bit!

FREEZONE on any tender, touchy corn. Instantly it stretches, then shortly you just lift that old bothersome corn right off with your fingers. It works like a charm, every time. Seems like magic!

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store. Try it!

FREEZONE

New Powder Makes
FALSE TEETH
Stick Tight All Day Long
Now with new wax, false teeth stick firmly in place. No more loose, wobbly, or falling out. Try FALSE TEETH on your next set. They're the best. They're the best. They're the best.

ONLY 10¢ FOR BOTH
LARGE BOTTLE NAIL POLISH—WITH WHITE NAIL PENCIL!!!
Now for only 10¢ this new, marvelous Polish chosen by smart women everywhere! And with the big new bottle you get FREE a metal-capped pencil for whitening nail tips. Nine lovely shades from which to choose the one that harmonizes with your complexion. . . . Approved by Good Housekeeping.

3¢ Trial
Lillian, Dept. A-3, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
AT THE
5 AND 10 CENT STORES
Lillian
CREME NAIL POLISH



GET RID OF COLD

Twice as fast!
Tests made under medical supervision for 2 full winters
The people lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE:
one-half gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic; the other half did not!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
Reduced both duration and number of colds!

ADOPTED made this famous Illinois test—He proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce number of colds and cut the duration of colds in half! He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

Results were so clear-cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect.
The doctor's report
One-half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

For "Breath Control" Pepsodent's extra power keeps the breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer

Doctor reveals how Pepsodent Antiseptic helped 774 Illinois people to

GET RID OF COLD

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\$60,000⁰⁰ IN CASH PRIZES

THINK WHAT
WE COULD DO
WITH SO
MUCH
MONEY!

NO USE JUST THINKING
ABOUT IT, LET'S ENTER
THIS CONTEST, OUR
CHANCE IS JUST AS
GOOD AS ANYBODY'S!



SELECTION SWEEPSTAKES TO LEGALIZE LOTTERIES!

3 MINUTES TIME MAY BRING
YOU \$20,000—EASY TO DO...
NOTHING TO WRITE!

THINK what you could do with so much cash! Buy a home... travel wherever you wish... have an assured income for the rest of your life... start in business for yourself... enjoy life with all the fine clothes and good times you want! Here is your big opportunity. Someone will win \$20,000.00 in this Selection Sweepstakes... someone will win \$10,000.00... someone will get \$5,000.00... and there'll be over 280 other big cash prizes. All this money is going to somebody—and it might as well be you!

WHO'S BEHIND THIS?

This great Selection Sweepstakes is sponsored by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries of which the nationally-known society leader and humanitarian, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is President—a National Organization for a National Cause. It is being conducted in order to secure additional members to aid in legalizing lotteries; to familiarize the American public with the aims of the movement; and to obtain the judgment of its members on the best uses for lotteries if legalized in this country.

The National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries has the support of many of the most influential men and women—names you respect and honor—an absolute guarantee of the integrity of this "sweepstakes". If it's good for them, it's certainly good for you. Remember, when you join them you not only give yourself a chance to win BIG MONEY but you also help a great, important national movement.

WHAT LOTTERIES HAVE DONE!

France adopted a lottery to reduce its national debt; Italy to build railroads; Denmark to advance art and music; Holland to advance the sciences; Ireland to finance the building of hospitals; Spain for charitable

LOOK! 285 BIG CASH PRIZES

1 st PRIZE	\$20,000
2 nd PRIZE	\$10,000
3 rd PRIZE	\$5,000
4 th PRIZE	\$2,500
5 th PRIZE	\$1,000
10 PRIZES	\$500 each
20 PRIZES	\$200 each
250 PRIZES	\$50 each

institutions; Germany to finance public improvements, etc. England used to support its navy by public lotteries; early American colonies permitted lotteries to build schools, churches, and public works and improvements, such as canals, bridges, roads, etc. The Revolutionary War was in part financed with the proceeds of lotteries. Early buildings of Yale, Columbia and Harvard were built with the proceeds of lotteries.

HOW YOU ENTER!

It costs you only a dollar to become a member—and

your dollar contribution entitles you to enter this entirely legal "sweepstakes" contest.

Here is all you have to do to be officially entered.

1. On the entry blank are listed 16 ways in which the money raised by legalized lotteries might be used.

Everybody has an opinion as to which are the best ways. Simply indicate your opinion by writing the numbers 1 to 16 in the squares—No. 1 after what you think is the best way, No. 2 after the second best, and so on, until you have a number in each square. We suggest that you do this, however, that you read again the paragraph which tells how legalized lotteries have been used for the public welfare.

Print your name and address plainly on the coupon.

2. Mail the entry blank and coupon together with membership fee.

3. The best order of importance the ways of using money raised by lotteries will be awarded the big cash prizes.

4. Within 10 days you will be sent your own membership certificate and acknowledgment of your entry.

ABSOLUTELY LEGAL!

Don't confuse this Selection Sweepstakes with any other kind of contest. It is sponsored by a national public-spirited organization—an honest contest and "sweepstakes" honestly conducted. This is a contest of judgment and skill, not of chance. You don't have to write any letter or essay. You certainly can form an opinion as to how the money raised by legal lotteries should be used. Your judgment is just as good as anyone else's... you have just as great a chance to win as anyone. But you can't win if you don't enter.

DON'T DELAY!

Fill out the entry blank and coupon and mail them now with your dollar membership fee. Don't put it off until tomorrow—you may forget!

Think what you could do with \$20,000—more than most people save in a lifetime. Someone will get it for just a few strokes of a pen. Remember that there are 285 cash prizes... 285 chances for you to win.

Don't now—don't wait until tomorrow. Remember, only those who send in the coupon and are members of the Conference are eligible to enter this contest.

**CONTEST CLOSES
MAY 30TH, 1936
PRIZES AWARDED
BEFORE JUNE 15TH**



Mrs. Oliver Harriman, President of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, presenting check for \$10,000 to Mrs. Marie Harriman, President of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc. The check is for the prize won by Mrs. Marie Harriman in the 1935 Sweepstakes Contest. The prize was \$10,000.00. Mrs. Marie Harriman was Mrs. M. H. Harriman, of New York City. She was one of the big cash prize winners. Complete list of names and addresses of winners mailed upon request.

YOU CAN USE THIS AS YOUR ENTRY BLANK PUT A NUMBER IN EACH SQUARE

Remember, you can use this entry blank for the proceeds from legalized lotteries might be used for the following purposes: (1) For the benefit of the poor; (2) For the benefit of the sick; (3) For the benefit of the aged; (4) For the benefit of the disabled; (5) For the benefit of the orphaned; (6) For the benefit of the widowed; (7) For the benefit of the infirm; (8) For the benefit of the lame; (9) For the benefit of the blind; (10) For the benefit of the deaf; (11) For the benefit of the dumb; (12) For the benefit of the insane; (13) For the benefit of the idiotic; (14) For the benefit of the imbecile; (15) For the benefit of the feeble-minded; (16) For the benefit of the defective.

1. For the benefit of the poor	☐	10. For the benefit of the blind	☐
2. For the benefit of the sick	☐	11. For the benefit of the deaf	☐
3. For the benefit of the aged	☐	12. For the benefit of the dumb	☐
4. For the benefit of the disabled	☐	13. For the benefit of the insane	☐
5. For the benefit of the orphaned	☐	14. For the benefit of the idiotic	☐
6. For the benefit of the widowed	☐	15. For the benefit of the imbecile	☐
7. For the benefit of the infirm	☐	16. For the benefit of the defective	☐
8. For the benefit of the lame	☐		
9. For the benefit of the blind	☐		

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, Pres.
National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I have enclosed one dollar (in cash or money order) as my membership fee, and I am sending in this Selection Sweepstakes Contest. I am enclosing my own card to enter and acknowledge my Sweepstakes Contest entry with a 10-cent stamp.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THIS COUPON MAY BE WORTH \$20,000 TO YOU!

In Case of Tie, Duplicate Prizes Will Be Awarded • Copyright 1936, National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.

Sea Chronicles by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 28)

fire in return because the girl might be lying in that rowboat, unconscious or bound.

From along the shore came a yell and a rasping crash. Garrett's heart leaped. With the power-boat in their hands, the rover had no chance to reach a ship out there.

He stumbled out of the surf. As he wheeled to face the boat, something jerked his arm, and a heavy revolver slammed its challenge from the boat's bow.

Garrett jumped aside, thump-

ing of his torch. In one continuous movement, he leaped around, dropped on his hands and scuttled diagonally toward the channel-slip, crab-fashion.

Pebbles tinkled to his left-rear. The gun roared pale flame at him in his eyes but to left of him.

The flash of it showed him a lifted, bearded face for an instant. Seizing the prone boat, he fired three shots in return as fast as he could pull the trigger.

The heavy gun flamed skyward, dropped with a clatter and splashed into the channel. Gar-

rett scrambled to the slip and tracked on his torch. The top of the cement channel wall was stippled with dark, shining drops. Beaver was shuffling weakly backward into the boat-house.

With a leap, Garrett caught him by the shoulder. The answering snarl turned into a whining groan.

Running feet crunched swiftly nearer along the beach.

"Garrett! That you? Need any help?"

"No!" Garrett yelled and struck savagely downward. The butt of his gun rebounded from Beaver's skull. That night

prodder collapsed without a sound.

Dan came pounding up. Garrett played the beam of his torch on his victim's face for an instant. The eyes were half open and sightless. Blood oozed from a wound in the neck just above the dirty, open shirt-collar.

"Beaver," said Garrett. "He's out for a while. Now for that rowboat. Come on, Brice."

Before Dan could answer, a cracked but raging voice hailed them from a little distance.

"Hold it! I got the drop on you! That you, Dan?"

Dan wheeled. "Okay, Sam! There's one of 'em out cold here in the boat-house! Douse your head and let him go! We'll be back! They got Miss Celia out there—"

"Hell!" Placer's groan reached them. "Okay, Dan!"

"Come on!" said Dan to Garrett and started running along the beach, the light of his torch looking ahead of him.

Despite his throbbing shoulder, Garrett drew level.

"How's the speed-boat?" he panted. "Will she float?"

"We make her float! She ripped ashore on—her port bow and just released—your drop! We can bail her—"

"Who's aboard?" Garrett jerked at him.

"Doc Linklater," Iugged him ashore. He's been shot under the arm. Think he's dying. There she is!"

The power-boat had struck the beach at an angle, and lay canted on her starboard beam. They ran to her bows. As the rush of a swell lifted her stern Dan yelled: "Heave!"

Muscles creaking they fell the slits but buoy craft scrape a few inches grudgingly. Next time they heaved she yielded a foot or more. At length she scraped aloft.

They ran into the light surf and climbed aboard. Dan at the bow, Garrett amidship. Dan laid his ear to the planks while Garrett scrambled back to the engine controls.

"Think she's taking water, ferd," called Dan. "But I can't get at her, under this confounded deck."

By the light of his torch, Garrett, seeing the engine over it spluttered and then roared. He throttled down.

"Get her here and bail from the cockpit!" he yelled. "You'll get shot up there!"

He settled at the controls. Now for it, if the boat would float that long.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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LOAFERS ARE WORSE THAN SPEEDERS



SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS are LIFE SAVERS

So says Officer Lunney, for twenty seven years a Chicago "cop" and recently stationed at Michigan and Minnesota. He has seen delay and accidents caused by sluggish motors. He has seen thousands of dollars wasted in burned oil pouring from smoking exhausts. . . . If you can no longer "get away" when the light shows green, see a Sealed Power repair man in the interests of economy, satisfaction and SAFETY. A Sealed Power Star-Tite racing job is engineered especially for V8 and V6 motors by the manufacturer who makes millions of piston rings every year for NEW cars.

This Booklet FREE

Sealed Power Corporation, 4000 Mack Centre, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me my free copy of "How to Get the Most Out of Your Motor" and I will send you a Sealed Power Piston Ring which will indicate when it's time to change.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Name and Address of My Repair Shop _____

STA-TITE COMPLETE SET PRICES

FORD 4 - \$4.00

FORD V-8 - \$4.00

CHEVROLET 4 - \$4.00

CHEVROLET V-8 - \$4.00

PLYMOUTH 4 - \$4.00

(Plus Installation Cost)

SEALED POWER

PISTON RINGS, PISTONS, PISTON EXPANDERS, PISTON PINS, VALVES, CYLINDER SLEEVES

Fish and Shellfish Delicacies

MRS. HOUSEWIFE should devote more attention to learning to specialize on seafoods—many of the most interesting branches of the household art—for in so doing she will please her whole family, and save money.

And as well as the familiar fish, consider those distinctive shellfish—clams, mussels, crabs, lobsters, oysters, etc. A big platter of steamed clams is, to most men at least, the dish in a million, says the Director of Applesoft Experiment Station. And what could be easier and simpler for the cook?

Or a chowder of clams or fish, is also the simple grand dish for a cold evening, with toasted bread and a bit of fruit to top off with. It is strangely difficult to get most women to see the masculine point of view about foods men like simple foods, and plenty of them!

If ladies are the guests for some sort of fish dinner, then bring on your crab or lobster salad, or fish flakes molded in jelly with many garnishes and mayonnaises.

To those who live near the sea-shore, let us recommend muscle—the forgotten food—if ever there was one. These humble little blue bivalves enclosing a coral-tinted flesh, are far more delicate than either oysters or clams. Like them they make rich delicate stews, and when well-and covered with a tangy dressing, are a salad hard to beat. Pickled mussels, and mussels a la mariniere, are delicacies of the gourmet, and those who eat for flavor.

It is unnecessary to give lists of fish, because the varieties differ in each locality. Ask your dealer, visit the bigger fish markets, ask around the wharves if there be any, and see what fish or seafood is at its best.

Oysters Ocr (or Casino): Fill a shallow oblong baking pan with water. On the salt laid the opened shells with oysters and their own liquor. Sprinkle oysters with minced bacon, season, and squeeze over lemon juice. Sprinkle lightly with very fine buttered white bread crumbs. Place under broiler and grill 10 to 12 minutes, being careful the bakes do not catch fire. Serve immediately.

Clam Fritters: One pint clams carefully chopped, 1 onion finely minced, 1 clove garlic minced, 1 tablespoon parsley minced, 1 cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 well beaten eggs, salt, pepper, clam juice. Fry onion and garlic in oil, add minced clams and parsley. Make a batter of eggs and flour, adding minced clam mixture and enough juice to secure right consistency. Fry in deep fat to a light brown color, drain on paper and serve at once. Brush Mince! Stew! Wash mussels well. Place in kettle to open. Remove meat and juice and lay aside. Have bacon diced.

FOR CHEST COLDS

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat, never safe to neglect, quickly eases up when counter-acting Mustrale is applied. Better than a mustard plaster, Mustrale gets action because it's not just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant"—stimulating the chest, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All drugs and health stores: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. Tested and approved by the Housekeeping Bureau, No. 4867.



small and fry out in a little or skillet. Add dried onion and keep browning. Add a little flour to thicken. Pour over canned evaporated milk and make to smooth chowder consistency. Add mussels and juice. Serve at once with pilot biscuit.

Flounder or Mackerel Roe: Do not break the skin. Dip each roe in salted milk, then into finely sifted bread crumbs. Place on oiled pan or platter and bake in hot oven 15 minutes, basting with neutral oil or lay thin strips of bacon, or top before cooking.

Boardwalk Fried Oysters: 1 pint large frying oysters, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt. Seal oysters in own liquor, then drain thoroughly on dry towel. Make a batter of the beaten eggs, milk, flour and season. Dip oysters into it. Fry in deep neutral fat kept at 375 degrees F. for from 2 to 3 minutes depending on size of oyster. Drain well on brown paper. Serve immediately with tomato catsup and cole-slaw or pickle relish and hot toasted pilot biscuits.

Charleston Oyster Soup: 36 oysters and 4 cups oyster liquor, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk and 1 cup cream. Salt, pepper and grains. Strain liquor from oysters and bring to scald in saucepan. In another saucepan melt butter, add flour and blend, adding milk and cream to make a smooth sauce. Add to heated oyster liquor and blend. When at the scalding point, drop in oysters and cook 2 minutes, or only until the edges curl. Season, and serve immediately with preferred toasted crackers.

Mackerel or Blue Fish With Dressing: One large fish or 3 or 4 small fish, ½ cup fried onions,

1 teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 quart milk, 1 egg, 1 cup salt, pepper, oil. Split and remove back and rib bones. Lay skin side down on oiled pan. Combine dressing and lay over fish. Cover and bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Steamed Fish: Use any steaming fish, such as pilchard, salmon, etc. Slice in portions. Cover with water and add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, with salt. Simmer gently 12 minutes, or 15 if fish is large. Remove without breaking to hot platter. Pour over any butter Hollandaise or other cream or egg sauce.

Hallibut Baked in Tomato Sauce: Three-pound slice of hallibut in one piece; 2 cups strained tomato sauce or tomato soup, 2 onions sliced water thin, 1 clove garlic, ½ cup cooking oil, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, etc. for seasoning. Steam onions with tomato sauce and season. Cook sliced garlic in oil 5 minutes, then remove. Add flour and blend. Thicken tomato sauce and pour over fish in glass baking pan. Bake 30 minutes in medium oven. (Fish may be cut into individual portions, then cook only 15 to 20 minutes.)

Whitefish and Shrimps in Cream: 2 pound fillets of whitefish, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cream, 1 egg, salt, paprika, 1 cup cooked shrimps sliced large, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer fish fillets in acidulated water until tender. Make cream sauce of milk, cream, butter, flour and seasonings. Whip sauce very smooth. Add the beaten egg and beat again. Add shrimps. Lay fish on very hot platter and pour over sauce. Serve immediately. (This can be made with any white fish.)

Dad's bath sounds like a big success—It is . . .

● Dad's using the bath soap he likes. The soap with a rich, quick, man's lather that leaves you really clean. He decided all on his own one day to try Lux Toilet Soap. And discovered that the ACTIVE lather of this pure white soap cleans pore-deep. Carries away stale perspiration, every last trace of dust and dirt. Leaves you feeling fit—and looking fit!

Fussy Eater FRANCES

SHE SCARCELY TOUCHED HER CEREAL... AND SHE HATED VEGETABLES AND MILK...

WHY FRANCES, YOU'VE SCARCELY EATEN A MOUTHFUL AGAIN TONIGHT! NO WONDER YOU'RE SO THIN AND UNDERWEIGHT

... JACK CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING WITH HER?

I'M NOT HUNGRY!

LOOK, FRANCES... DADDY'LL GIVE YOU A NICKEL IF YOU'LL EAT YOUR CARROTS AND DRINK YOUR MILK. COME ON... JUST A TASTE.

NO! I DON'T LIKE THEM!

OH DEAR, I COULD JUST CRY! SHE GETS THINNER EVERY DAY... WHY CAN'T SHE EAT LIKE OTHER CHILDREN DO?

NOW, NOW... WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN AND SEE DR. JIM TOMORROW! HE'LL SURELY KNOW OF SOMETHING.

...AND WE'VE EVEN TRIED BRIBING HER TO EAT... ALTHOUGH WE KNEW IT WASN'T RIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IN THE WORLD MAKES HER SO STUBBORN AT MEALTIME!

MAYBE IT ISN'T STUBBORNNESS AT ALL! GLADYS, PERHAPS HER APPETITE NEEDS STIMULATION. WHY DON'T YOU TRY GIVING HER OVALTINE?

OVALTINE? YOU MEAN THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK I'VE READ ABOUT?

YES... AND THE WAY IT HELPS SO MANY 'POOR EATERS' EAT IS REALLY SURPRISING, AND I'VE SEEN IT DO SOME GREAT THINGS FOR YOUNGSTERS WHO WERE UNDERWEIGHT.

THAT AFTERNOON

GEE, MUMMAY, THIS OVALTINE TASTES GOOD! YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THERE WAS MILK IN IT AT ALL!

SOME TIME LATER

MORE! I SAY WHAT IS THIS, YOUNG LADY... AN EATING MARATHON? NOTHING FUSY ABOUT YOUR APPETITE THESE DAYS!

AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT SHE ATE AT LUNCH! I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE PUTS IT ALL!

...AN SOME MORE OVALTINE, TOO!

MOTHERS! Ovaltine is a delicious pure food concentrate first created in Switzerland and approved by thousands of physicians. Already it has gained worldwide recognition—and is particularly noted for the remarkable increase in appetite, weight and nerve power which so frequently occur when it is added to the daily diet.

For example, Mrs. L. A. Welton, 137 E. Tibbitts St., Geneva, Ohio, writes: "Our little Helen May, 2½ years old, had always been underweight. We were forever coaxing her to eat more. Last fall we started giving her Ovaltine and I wish you could see her now. She has gained weight and her body is strong and solid—and when mealtime comes, she sits up and eats as she should. No more coaxing at our house. We all enjoy our meals more now!"

This letter, of course, covers only one individual case. And we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in every case where Ovaltine is used. But this letter is so typical of thousands we have received, that we believe a third trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent mother whose child eats poorly and is underweight.

Thousands of nervous people, men and women, use Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. . . . Ovaltine is also highly recommended as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged—and for sleeplessness when taken as a hot drink at bedtime.

Ovaltine is very inexpensive to serve—and can be obtained at all drug and grocery stores. You simply give it mixed with milk—either hot or cold—and children love its delicious taste. . . . Note special offer at the right.

SPECIAL OFFER THE VERY LATEST ORPHAN ANNIE MUG

With new and different colored pictures of Orphan Annie and family on it. One regular price 10c—now only 5c (the only 5c you ever cost of packing and mailing, and this shipment will insure under the lid of a new Ovaltine. (Be sure to send off the coupon now.)

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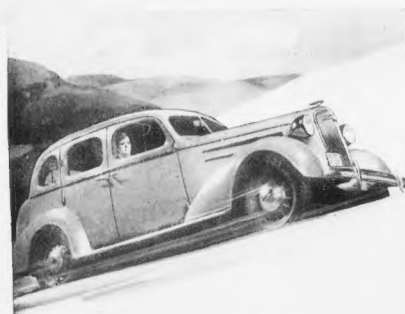
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